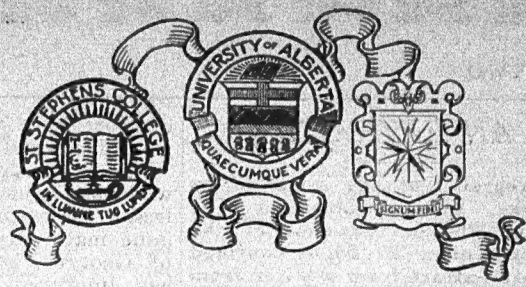


# The Gateway



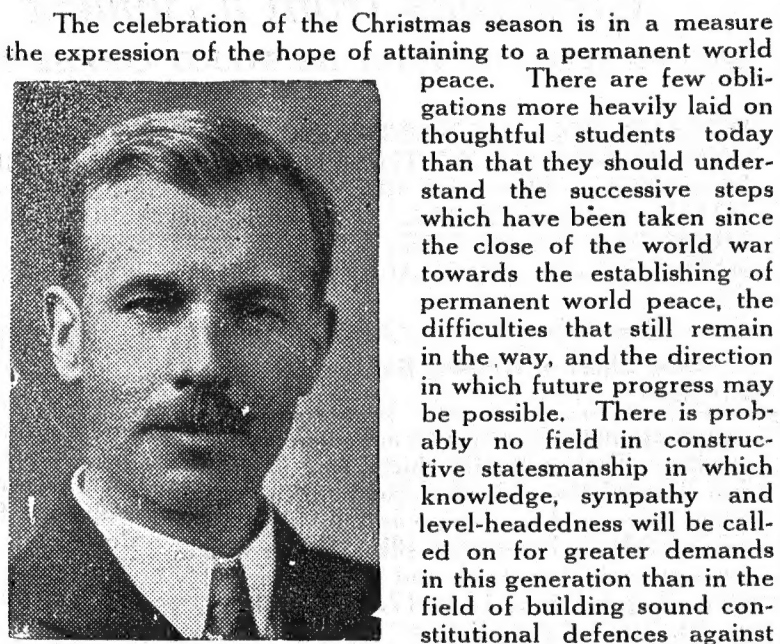
## A Merry Christmas

1929

VOL. XX, No. 10.

TWELVE PAGES

### A Message From Dr. Wallace



The celebration of the Christmas season is in a measure the expression of the hope of attaining to a permanent world peace. There are few obligations more heavily laid on thoughtful students today than that they should understand the successive steps which have been taken since the close of the world war towards the establishing of permanent world peace, the difficulties that still remain in the way, and the direction in which future progress may be possible. There is probably no field in constructive statesmanship in which knowledge, sympathy and level-headedness will be called on for greater demands in this generation than in the field of building sound constitutional defences against wars between nations. It is not easy to combine the idealism of the seer with the practical realism of the man of affairs. That combination is necessary if a solution of permanent value is to be reached in the matter of world peace. Young men and women whose minds are turning to the larger issues will do well to fit themselves to make their contribution to the solution of this—the greatest—problem of their time.

May the Christmas season be one of great happiness and of great hope to every student of the University of Alberta.

ROBERT C. WALLACE,  
President.

### MEMORIES

"Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there."

What memories of past Christmases that old poem conjures up!—Hanging up your stockings (or maybe borrowing mother's, 'cause they're bigger) by the fireplace; fasten them firmly, they will be heavy when they're filled. Then off to bed, with the last injunction in your ears—"Now go right to sleep. If you're awake when Santa comes, he won't leave you anything." Then you lie quiet, trying to obey orders, but in spite of counting sheep and saying poetry to yourself, you remain hopelessly wide awake. You lie there for hours, it seems, terrified that Santa will come before you can drop off; maybe he's passed you by—you have been lying there awake for so very long; you haven't been a really model child all year—maybe he thinks you don't deserve any Christmas gifts this time; oh, but he couldn't be so cruel, after you've counted on this, and you've written him letters, telling him what you want most, so he won't have to worry over what to give you. Oh!! What was that noise—on the roof—a reindeer stamping a tiny impatient hoof? Santa getting out of his sleigh? the pack being dropped? Santa's footsteps? Goodness, he's come at last, and you're still awake—can you get to sleep before he can get down the chimney?—you'll try hard, anyway. So you try, but nothing happens; you don't go to sleep, and Santa does not come down the chimney. That was a false alarm, but all the same, it gave you an awful scare. What if it really had been Santa? Ah! An idea!!—you

might be able to pretend to be deep in slumber while in reality you were lying there watching Santa at his task. By the time you think of this, and decide to stay awake all night, the sandman treacherously sneaks up on you—and the next minute it's Christmas morning!

**Comes the Dawn**  
You don't comprehend, at first. It seems to be just an ordinary morning, but yet there's an unusual sensation, you can't quite place it. In a minute somebody will be telling you to hurry or you'll be late for school; bright thought—maybe it's Saturday, and you don't have to go, which might account for the happy feeling you've got. You think; is it Saturday? what was yesterday? Then it dawns on you—CHRISTMAS!!! How on earth could you have forgotten it, even for a moment! You leap from bed—did you get to sleep in time last night, or Did Santa find you were awake, and pass on? You'll find out in a minute; you dash to the fireplace—yes, there are the fascinatingly bulky stockings

### CRAMBE REPETITA

If any one thing in particular has distinguished our writings in editorials during the course of the immediately preceding nine numbers of this paper it is, if we may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of our readers, the dislike we have shown for things commonplace. We early issued warning against banalities as contributions; we later censured all hackneyed and time-worn epitaphs; and we have recently given as one of the chief offences of the notice-defacers that their humour is exceedingly trite.

It is now our turn, with full sincerity and with intense pleasure, to give utterance to what during the passage of the last twenty centuries has become the most banal of all greetings; to what, from those early days of our life when it first becomes significant of a full stocking, to the closing ones in which its message may become continually clearer and ever more satisfying with regard to eternal things, is heard yearly with a new freshness and a renewed promise; to that wish which alone, being often repeated since the long-past night on which the three magi came from the east to Jerusalem, is yet not time-worn—which alone, having fallen from every Christian's lip since the three condemned were crucified on Golgotha, is nevertheless not hackneyed, nor trite, nor commonplace:  
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

### Hugh Morrison Rhodes Scholar

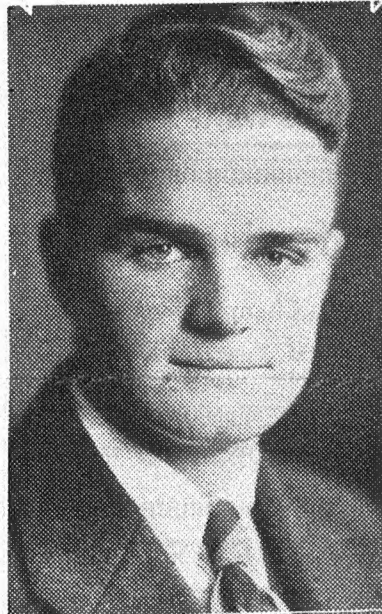
The choice of Hugh Morrison as Rhodes Scholar from the Province of Alberta for 1930 is an unusually happy one.

This year the opinion of the Selection Committee has coincided with that of the majority of students. It is generally felt that the winner, because of his outstanding contributions to all branches of student life, is eminently worthy of the honor which he has received.

Mr. Morrison's qualifications are so well known that it seems superfluous to list them here. He is a fourth year student in Honours English, with an unusually fine academic record, including a prize in the Shakespearean course which was awarded to him last year. Hugh's interest in dramatics has been very marked; during his sophomore and junior years he was a year representative on the dramatic executive. This year he was director of the senior play, which took the shield in the inter-year play competition.

Mr. Morrison's other executive positions last year included the Junior Class and the Arts Club Executive. This year he is President of the Literary Association, a member of the Students' Council and of the Committee on Student Affairs. In addition, Hugh is a sportsman of no small repute, having played on the Arts-Com-Law rugby team for two years. Last year he was Sports Editor of The Gateway. And—oh yes! he has proven his mastery of the English language upon the golf course.

While at Oxford, Hugh will continue his study of English. We assure him that he has our sincere wishes for a very enjoyable and profitable three years. At the same time we may rest assured that our University will be represented there by a man of outstanding character.



### CHRISTMAS Past and Present

Do you remember, you cynical, sophisticated, grown-up Varsity student, how you used to look forward to Christmas and were "just awful good" so Santa Claus wouldn't miss you? Remember how you were so excited the night before Christmas that you couldn't sleep, yet suddenly found yourself dreaming of Santa Claus with his reindeer, sleigh and toys? You woke up early the next morning, crawled out of bed first and ran to find your stocking. You emptied it eagerly, becoming noisier and happier with each successive gift.

**"When We Were Very Young"**  
Remember how excited you were about the tree, shimmering in all its tinsel and light, how you showed each gift numberless times to every one in the house and how you carted your most cherished new possessions around to all the neighbors?

Then remember the dinner! Sometimes yet you feel how gloriously, grandly stuffed you were and wonder how you managed to keep on eating candies all day as well.

**The Great Disillusionment**  
But remember when they told you there really wasn't any Santa Claus how terribly disappointed you were? Of course they told you that the Christ Child was the cause of Christmas, that it was his birthday, and that he was the important person to think about on Christmas; but that didn't matter. The Christ Child was an obscure person of pictures and

—The Editor.

(Continued on Page 3)

ARTS

SCIENCES

MEDICINE

APPLIED SCIENCE

AGRICULTURE

LAW



## AN EXTRACT

We regret that our selection by Wes Oke, Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway, '25-'26, President of the Students' Union, '27-'28, is confined to a mere extract from a letter from him to us. That it is such only is self-explained. May we be permitted to point out, to such as have not had the privilege of reading The Gateway of four years ago, that much of it is pure eye-wash.—(The Editor.)

"However, the obscurity of my position (I am thinking in terms of the physical) forbids an article. I have but received your letter, and the train leaves again for the outside

in short order. And I must respect your dead-line.

"I am far from thinking that this will work a hardship on you, or will lessen the appeal of your Christmas issue materially. I recall the words of George Campbell, the man who has linotyped The Gateway these many moons. According to George, there was one who read my paper, including the editorials, in its entirety. He claimed that distinction.

"At the time I thought that this was only George's little joke, and that probably all Gateway editors heard it in turn. But having attempted at various times since to interest

real editors (no offence to college editors) in my effusions, I begin to suspect that the remark was particularly applicable.

"In other words, as an editor I was unique—were it not for the tutoring of my chief, Walter B. I had made it "quite unique."

"It gives me a distinct thrill to be writing again for The Gateway. "WES OKE."

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We specialize in Permanent Waving, Finger Waving and Marcelling

Phone 31144 for Appointments

## Christmas Cakes

AND

## Plum Puddings

## Lister's

CAKES OF QUALITY

Jasper Ave. at 107th Street

Phone 5204—We Deliver

## CORRESPONDENCE

It was not until after considerable hesitation that we made up our minds to publish the following letter from Walter B. Herbert, the Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway in 1925 (or was it 1924?). Our first reaction was that, it being a private letter, we had not the right to publish it. But on a second reading we were so impressed with the brilliance of the epistle that we decided that it were no less than a sin to keep it from the eyes of our readers.—(The Editor.)

Wheat Pool Building,

Winnipeg,

Dec. 9th, 1929.

Kenneth W. Conibear, Esq.,

Editor-in-Chief, The Gateway,

University of Alberta,

Dear Conibear,—Shades! Shades! Shades! And ghosts! Someone's always bringing them up. Just when I'm wrestling with the Ghost of Christmas Present, here comes the editor of The Gateway with the

SCONA BEAUTY PARLOR

MARCELLING, 50 CENTS

Phone 32845

10363 Whyte Avenue

## Professional Tutor

Latin, Chem 1, and other

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## True Christmas Charm in

## FLOWERS

Nature expresses her joy in no unmistakable manner in these cheery floral creations. You'll find them an absolute necessity if Christmas is to look as festive as it should. Early orders assure prompt delivery at any desired time.

## Edmonton Flower Shop

W. S. SLOCOMBE, Manager

10223 Jasper Avenue

Phone 1739

Ghost of Christmas Past. Now I understand old Scrooge better.

Write a few words about something suitable for your Christmas issue, you say. Naturally, all I can think about at a moment like this is OUR big red number in 1925 (or was it 1924?). It was the first time in history when they knew (for a certainty!) that every single page of his issue would be red. (A miserable play on words, that; but punning used to be stock-in-trade for Gateway journalists.) And the ink of that issue was green; every letter, line and cut of it. Red and green! Could anything be more Christmassy? But I am drivelling about ambitions; not facts. The color-scheme of our dreams was different from the sickly purple and foggy green which eventually greeted the ratepayers' eyes. And those cuts! I spent a whole day in the Edmonton Journal's morgue trees and stars and Santa Clauses and selecting mats of bells and Christmas holly and things. The number of wise men (always in threes) must have impressed the advertisers with the sapience of our sheet. And good cheer, as well as wisdom, arose from those motley wine pages. Plum puddings and Father Christmases and fruit cakes and toys and children smote the eye from every em, and there was a great hub-dub and furore and jingling and hulahaloo. The edition fairly screamed "Christmas" from the house-tops.

And now, you say, you are preparing another Christmas issue of The Gateway. It makes me think. I'm in the publicity game now. Seriously. Really. Importantly, as Christopher Robin would say. I now feed a wife and self from the spoils of publicity and journalism. That's not a bit important to you, I know; but here's what I'm getting at. In the past few years I've seen many "special issues" of newspapers turned out; among them, some Christmas numbers. In the profession, we lightly call them "gip sheets." And a striking contrast brings fond recollections of The Gateway to me. Your old rag back there has its weaknesses and failings, as it always had. (It is the offspring of human beings.) But it is never a gip sheet. It never publishes twenty pages of advertising watered with junk, and rubbish and tripe, because of the revenue to be derived from such an undertaking. When you run off a special edition the objective is to render special service to your readers (and possibly win a little glory for yourself; which is an innocuous and very human gesture.) You do not conceive the idea of a Christmas number so that you can wheedle advertisers into sharing more of their winnings with you. Reflections upon the whole raison d'être of a college paper come as refreshingly as an April breeze, when one is breathing the air of commercial journalism every day.

I have nothing to say, Conibear, which will be suitable for your Christmas number. I once wrote a long editorial upon the Spirit of Christmas, and the sentimental effort quite exhausted me. Haven't recovered yet, I do believe. I would have to move again among Doc Hardy, Professor Burt, Harry Lister, Dr. Alex. and Dr. McEachran; I would have to pace it off between Steen's and Pembina, and dash into the Tuck for a toasted bun, and walk into the Common Room, and eat a few Athabaska meals, before I could ever again write "something suitable for The Gateway." Very sorry. Thanks very much for your kindness in remembering me, though.

I started with ghosts, and with ghosts must I finish. It is only to say this: If you ever hear noises or see things which lead you to suspect the presence of ghosts in the old Gateway office, you can blame me. I'm sure it will be I. (That actually sounds ghostly.) Because, of those old Gateway days I have none but the fondest and happiest memories. Why shouldn't my spirit ramble back there, if it wants to?

With all wishes for happiness in the coming Christmas season and accomplishment in the coming year, for all of you back there, I am,

Yours sincerely and heartily,  
WALTER B. HERBERT, '25-'26.

## REMINISCENCES

By Wes. Watts

## THE EDITOR OF 1924-25

The editor has asked the ex-editors to "write something" for the Christmas issue of The Gateway. He suggested reminiscences, so we are taking his lead, trusting that his journalistic instinct has happened upon the right subject.

The Gateway is an institution taken for granted in the University life. But it did have quite a stormy passage in its earlier days. After the war, they say the issues came two or three times a week, with no thought of money to pay publishing bills. It was Mark Levey who saved the whole thing from ruin. With Mark Levey as editor and J. M. Cassels as associate, the paper was put on a sound financial basis, and has been enjoying prosperity ever since.

Casserole, one of the most interesting departments of The Gateway, has had some very interesting editors. Gerald Shapter was one very popular editor. He almost ruined his reputation, however, when one week he found his originality waning, and copied all his jokes from Dr. Chase's almanac. Another very original editor was Geoff Hewelcke, now on the staff of a Regina paper. Casserole apparently helped him to fame. Soon after retiring as editor of that column he wrote a tale for "Weird Stories," and received two hundred dollars for his effort.

Bruce Macdonald had a keen sense for nosing out red-hot issues that

(Continued on page 3)

## It's Christmas Time at Johnstone Walker's



## Christmas from a Student's Viewpoint

WE CAN TELL YOU WHAT HE WOULD CHOOSE FOR HIS BOY FRIENDS AND THAT'S YOUR CLUE

PERHAPS YOU ARE WONDERING WHAT TO GIVE—WHETHER THE GIFT YOU CHOOSE WILL BE ONE THAT HE WILL ENJOY HAVING AND WEARING. LET US HELP YOU—WE HAVE BEEN SERVING HIM SO LONG WE KNOW PRETTY WELL WHAT HIS TASTES ARE. ALL OUR GIFTS FOR MEN HAVE BEEN ASSEMBLED FROM THE MASCULINE VIEWPOINT—TO MAKE FEMININE CHOOSING SAFE AND CERTAIN. WE SHALL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU.

Give Him 'Forsyth' or 'Arrow' Shirts  
Stop Short of Nothing But the Best!

The "Forsyth" or "Arrow" label on a Shirt is a guarantee of perfect fit and dependable quality. These splendid Shirts come in English broadcloths and other good shirtings in plain colors and neat stripe and novelty patterns. Also in Luvisca art silks. Made with separate collar to match and collar attached style. Regular sizes, 14 to 17. Stouts 16½ to 10.

Priced at \$1.95 to \$6.50

Men's Beautiful New Silk Scarfs at  
\$1.50 to \$7.00

Those who have gifts to buy for men shouldn't fail to come and see these lovely new Scarfs. They come in heavy quality plain and novelty silks, also plain white or polka dots. In square and reefer style. Put up in attractive gift boxes.

Priced at \$1.50 to \$7.00

Think of the Service and Comfort He would get  
from a Lounging Robe!

Few men ever think of buying themselves a Lounging Robe, for that reason they are usually a very popular and greatly appreciated Christmas Gift.

We are showing a very warm and serviceable Bath Robe or Lounging Robe of fine quality flannel in tan, green and grey grounds with colored candy stripes. Have cuffs and girdles of same material. Sizes 36 to 42. Priced at \$15.00.

Other splendid values in Jaeger and other good makes, of fine all-wool fabrics in fancy patterns; also of English Foullards and novelty art silks.

Priced at \$17.50, \$20.00, \$25.00 and \$30.00

Fascinating New Neckties  
at 75c. to \$3.00

A selection from which you will choose with an unusual degree of satisfaction. Mostly in the popular flowing end style, made from finest imported silks, etc., in plain shades, diagonal stripes and novelty designs in fascinating color combinations. Attractively boxed at

75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00

Men's Initialed Linen Handkerchiefs at  
Three for \$1.00Men's Fine Quality Gift Hosiery  
at 75c. per pair

"Wolsey", Interwoven, and "Penman" makes, in fine all-wool and silk and wool, in plain shades, fancy patterns. Medium and heavy weights. Sizes 10 to 11½.

Special Value at 75c

When you give Forsyth Pyjamas  
You give sleeping comfort

These splendid new Forsyth Pyjamas are of fine English Broadcloths, Luviscas, and Flat Silk Crepes, in stripes, novelty patterns, and plain shades. Some are in collarless styles with silk frog fastenings; others have lay-down collars attached. Some have the new "Forbelt" which does away with draw strings and brings a new era of comfort to sleeping.

Priced at \$3.00 to \$9.00

Cosywarm Flannelette Pyjamas  
at \$1.95 to \$4.00

"Arrow", "Tarrytown" and other good makes in soft fleecy finished flannelettes in plain shades, stripes and novelty designs. Collarless styles with silk frog fastenings, also coat-shirt styles with callars attached.

Priced at \$1.95 to \$4.00

## Slippers of Course Never Fail to Please

We are showing some very comfortable Slippers in plain kid or embossed leathers, in black, brown or grey. Have padded chrome leather soles with rubber heels. Slippers which mean comfort for tired feet. All sizes, 6 to 11.

Priced at, per pair, \$1.65 to \$2.50

Also Romeo and opera style Slippers in black or brown kid with flexible turn leather soles, at

\$2.95 and \$3.65

Men's Jumbo Knit Sweater Coats  
at \$4.95

Good warm Jumbo Knit Sweater Coats for skating, curling, or general wear. Closely knitted of heavy weight pure wool yarns in camel, grey, maroon and white. Have shawl collar and two pockets. Sizes 36 to 44.

Priced at \$4.95

## JOHNSTONE WALKER

- LIMITED -

GORE, JASPER &amp; 2ND ST. ESTABLISHED 1899 GEESE SUTHERLAND &amp; SONS



## REMINISCENCES

(Continued from Page 2)

would make students read his paper. One evening some inebriated stewards burnt some name cards off the doors in Athabaska. The politically minded students in residents didn't react the way they should, so Bruce wrote a very indignant letter about the whole thing, put the letter in The Gateway under a pseudonym, and then wrote an editorial about this letter that had been published in The Gateway.

In spite of his physical handicap, Jack Marshall was one of the most aggressive editors and prolific writers that The Gateway ever had. As associate editor, he published in The Gateway ten articles dealing with "Research in the University." Each article was two thousand words in length. In association with Walter Herbert, Jack published the first big Christmas issue of The Gateway.

West Oke's hobby, outside of writing editorials, was boxing and wrestling. But, as editor, I don't believe he was ever called upon to use his skill in these branches of sport.

Anyone who has spent any time in Gateway work will have realized the great amount of effort put forth in publishing one issue of this paper. The editor is constantly running in competition with "teas at forty-three," and such like; that he can keep together a voluntary staff is a tribute to his organizing ability and to the altruism of his co-workers. Perhaps, in spite of the steady work involved, there is a fascination in Gateway work which even surpasses that of tea and cake.

## Politics and Politicians

By Jack Marshall, '27, '28

Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway in 1926-27

A crisis has been reached in the public life of Canada. Men, the type of whom were formerly interested in public life, now shun even the very thought of it. Politics and politicians have been relegated to the whisperings of the suspicious and incredulous.

Members of Parliament and other elective public representatives are expected to reflect public opinion. This reflection, however, is tempered by the public's opinion of their representatives. A suspicious attitude on the part of the electorate is not conducive, therefore, to the securing of the best results. Unscrupulous politicians and questionable politics are, unfortunately common expressions in society today, so what results can these suspicious people expect?

When a father starts his son out in business does he expect him to be a failure?

When a minister is ordained is it expected that he will become an atheist?

When an employee is promoted to a responsible position in a bank, is it expected that he will rob the bank?

When an engineer is given charge of a train does the railway company expect him to wreck his precious cargo?

Why, then, does a considerable portion of the public talk in a suspicious manner of anyone who is elected to a position of public responsibility? Should not the offices of the state be above suspicion, and men who sacri-

fice personal interest for public responsibilities be revered rather than reviled?

Politics in general and politicians in particular should mean more to the average elector than at present. Education is the only method through which this can be accomplished, and his education can be disseminated by men and women who understand what honest public service means to this Canada of ours. The majority of these apostles should be found among the graduates of our universities, where they have been impressed with the importance of taking an intelligent interest in public affairs.

The sooner the public realizes that their attitude towards public life and public men has been warped, the sooner will it be possible to persuade more of the right type of men to enter public life. An intelligent interest in politics is most commendable and sincere politicians deserve a warmth of praise. The difficulty lies, not with politics or politicians, but with the misconception of a suspicious public.

## GATEWAY STAFF MAKES WHOOPEE

Banquet in Rainbow Room Was Huge Success—No Dancing, But—

Commencing at 7 o'clock on the evening of Monday, Dec. 9, the official members of The Gateway staff and their guests did full justice to the turkey dinner provided by Mr. McCoppen in the Tuck Shop Rainbow Room. Everything from the entrée to the blueberry pie-eating contest between the editor-in-chief and the business manager was enjoyed with great gusto.

Since Mr. McCoppen had as yet been unable to obtain a dancing license for private party functions only, dancing was regrettably disallowed. Entertainment in other forms was far from lacking, however. Charades, ingenuity contests, anagrams, and other party games made the evening pass quickly enough. In the charades, several people displayed a marked pro-pun-ity for punning. Punch and ice cream were served during the games, the ice cream being in the form of a snow-white Santa Claus. One of the features of the evening was the blueberry pie-consuming championship event, in which the business manager lost to the editor-in-chief by one-thirty-second of a pie, this loss being partly offset by his winning what is commonly known as a "tummy ache."

Points were awarded in the various games of the evening, Miss Mary Ross and Harold Herron each winning a framed bronze University crest as highest point winners.

Those present at the party were: Misses Margaret Durrell, Kathleen Campbell, Cecilia Hassan, Mona Hies, Isobel Stewart, Mary Ross, Alice Garbutt, Winogene Brandow, Elsie Young, Luella Hamilton, Mabel Con-

## DO WE BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS?

By K.A.T.

Many Varsity students believe in Santa Claus, a few don't, and a majority just think they don't. After they get to this higher institute of learning they fool themselves by believing that they have eliminated all the fanciful ideas that were so real to them in childhood. They may not believe that a man comes down the chimney and fills their stockings with toys, but they have developed other fancies just as absurd as that, and what is more, they are certain that they are real and true.

After all, our knowledge is very limited. In high school we build up myriads of problems on certain axioms and postulates and spend years in proving that such and such is true, and are amazed at the large number of courses. At Varsity we elaborate on these and find how closely they are associated. We go more deeply into them, and find that some of the facts we started with are not true.

We come to the conclusion that everything that can be studied is included in the two great studies: Mathematics and language. Botany is language, not of the flowers and plants, but as applied to flowers and plants. Geology is language, not of the earth, but as applied to the earth. History is language applied to events. Rhetoric is language dressed up. Grammar is language in plain clothes. Everything not classed under language is included in mathematics.

After taking about twenty subjects of the 600 offered at Varsity, we are given a degree and let out into the world supposedly educated. Some remain another year and get their master's degree. A few specialize along a particular line of endeavor, and study a few more years, and are given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in their special line. Ph.D.—why tuck that behind the name of a person who is not studying philosophy? The fact is that all the other subjects are mere details of one grand study. It is necessary to know the philosophy of the one and the many to be able to understand that. When we have arrived at that stage we have reached the introduction to knowledge, and are ready to begin our education.

But I am not interested in philosophy, you will be saying. I quite agree; all professional philosophers should be laughed at anyhow. What interests us at this time of year is Christmas. It has the same charm and fascination for us now as it ever has had. It is the time of year anticipated more than any other by Varsity students—the time when we go home to meet our old, dear friends, and break away for a time from Varsity life.

bear, and Lawrence Alexander, Wilbur Bowker, Noel Hies, Kenneth Conibear, Ivan MacLaren, Harold Herron, Roger McKee, Cecil Hewson, E. Gowan, Hugh Wilson, Albert Cairns. Mr. T. Gowan acted as chaperon.

## Christmas

(Continued from page 1)

Bible verses, whereas you had shaken hands with Santa Claus, seen him lots of times, and you could lay hands on gift after gift that he had made you. Not any Santa Claus! There might as well be not anything.

## Even Now

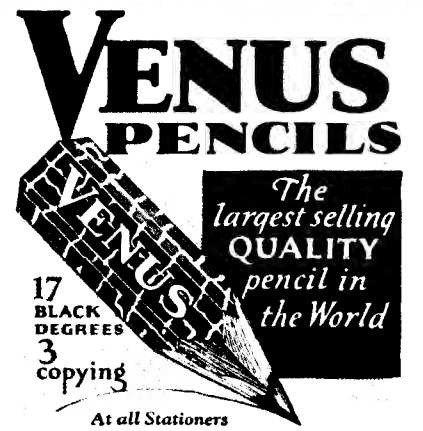
Christmas, of course, means something to you yet. It means holidays, home and an extra good dinner; it means getting something you wanted but couldn't afford, as well as getting a lot of things that will be eternal nuisances, and it means giving something to Mother or Dad that you knew he or she had wanted for a long time, only somehow you just didn't think to give it to her or him till Christmas came.

## But—

Now do you ever lie abed Christmas morning wishing you could recapture that glad thrill of anticipation that you used to have? Do you ever envy the younger folk of the family and wish that you'd not grown up just for Christmas?

You must, for no matter how glorious the holidays, how thrilling

the dances and how nice the dinner, somehow there is some spirit in Christmas and in all its jollifications that isn't caught by a grown-up, that is given only to children to feel, but sometimes if you try very, very hard you can catch a bit of it, enough to brighten all of Christmas day and shine through the year.



Send \$1.25 for sample box of a dozen assorted styles  
AMERICAN PENCIL CO., Dept. W12 Hoboken, N.J.  
Makers of UNIQUE Thin Lead Colored Pencils—24 colors—\$1.25 per doz.

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU

## THE CANADIAN SHOE CO.

10143 101st Street

On the Corner

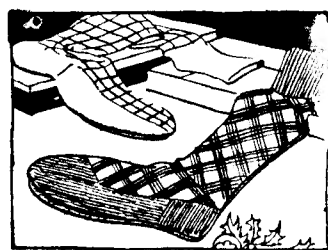
## THE GATEWAY'S GREAT ONES

No. 5—FRANK BARCLAY  
TREASURER

Santa, Santa, Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Barclay, Barclay, Haw! Haw!  
Haw!  
Coming prancing through the snow,  
May thine ear-lobes tingle as thy sleigh-bells jingle!  
Be thou liberal with the dough!  
Barclay, Barclay, Pshaw! Pshaw!  
Pshaw!

"MAKE HIM SMILE ON CHRISTMAS MORNING—BUY HIM SOMETHING TO WEAR"

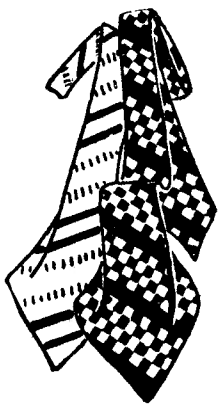
## Practical Christmas Gifts for the Young Man and his Dad



## HOSIERY

An ideal gift for every man. Smart in pattern, colorful in design. Our assortment has never been more attractive. Every pair neatly boxed.

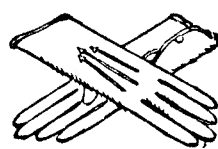
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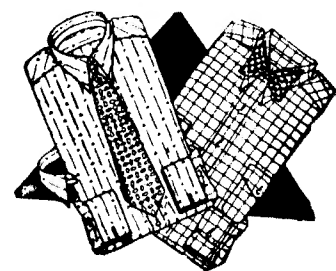
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## THE BOYS' SHOP

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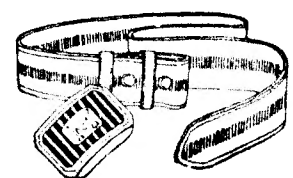
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In coat styles or V-neck pull-overs, in Varsity colors or in the new fancy shades of green, blue, tan and black.

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## BELTS

By Hickox are world famous. Made in fancy shades of leather, new designs and attractively boxed.

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## THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper Published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

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## GIVING THEM A BREAK

This is not a critique of the Inter-Year Plays, indeed, if it may be termed a critique in any sense, it is a critique of the audience that attended those plays. Neither is this intended as a defence of the Junior Play which was, especially in the light of events, a most unfortunate choice. It is a prime requisite of theatrical productions that the play should suit the audience, and it is quite evident that the average University student does not receive a serious play in a very favourable manner. The reception accorded to "Kestrel Edge" the other night was little short of scandalous, and is a poor reflection on many of the students, and we fear, some of the other members of the audience too. Even had the performance been comparatively poor it would have been at least good sportsmanship on the part of the listeners to have heard the play through with some semblance of good manners. But to say that the performance of "Kestrel Edge" was poor would be very much exaggerating, and as a matter of fact the part of Gideon, whose words were received with such merriment by the crowd, was quite well portrayed. It is very possible that serious and tragic plays are completely out of place in the Inter-Year competition, but unless such plays are definitely barred, to make fun of the efforts of the actors therein shows both poor etiquette and lack of appreciation.

## "LEMONS" AND "HAMS"

An unusual event so commonly has unusual consequences that it was not to be expected that the proceedings of the Christmas Banquet, following so extraordinary a system as that of lottery for the selection of guests, would exactly resemble those of the other major functions. It was, however, to be expected that the difference would be only in detail, and that the fundamental principles of mutual regard and consideration would still operate in the members of both sexes as the basis of conduct for this, as for the other and more conventional gatherings of the same nature. They did not; these fundamental principles, it is our opinion, were forgotten or dismissed by a large number of students both in Athabasca and Assiniboia, and in Pembina.

We refer to the compensation pools formed among both the men and the women. The general scheme of all these was the collection by contributions from the members of the pool, of a varying great central sum of money, the purpose of which was to provide a monetary compensation to that member of the pool who was otherwise so unfortunate as to draw, in the opinion of his associates, a bigger "ham", or be drawn by a bigger "lemon," than any other member of the pool drew, or was drawn by. By which means, in all the variety ingenuity could give it, a material premium was put upon a spiritual misfortune. Cases can be cited in which the extent of the material compensation so far exceeded the extent of the immaterial misfortune that the net result proved extremely satisfactory to the one whose fate had otherwise drawn the sympathies of his fellows. It appears, also, that membership in any of these pools being quite voluntary, no dissatisfaction came to any one for entering them. They were therefore not without their satisfactory effect for a large number of people.

All this appears so far extremely, practically, humorous. But hath not a "ham" eyes? Hath not a "ham" hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is not a "lemon" fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a "sweet patootie" is? Pigs being pigs, "hams," it goes without saying, are "hams." But a "ham" by any other name may quite often be mistaken for something else: in particular a "ham" may, for example, consider itself to be a pretty hot dog. *Non semper erit aestas*; the day of disillusionment comes all too soon; where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to put wise; why shatter the happy, if fatuous, conceit of the "ham" or "lemon" with the cold and commercial judgment of a totalisator?

It may, of course, be argued in defence that it was in no case the intention of the associates in the pool that the "ham" or "lemon" involved should by so being be made aware of his or her correct category. *Credat Judeas Apella*; the marines might believe it. But even if this so far creditable intention could in a large number of instances be realized it would be only so much the worse for those with regard to whom the cat might escape out of the bag, as assuredly must happen in some cases, and would be especially likely in those where the "lemon" should happen to be unusually sour, or the "ham" exceptionally "dumb." Alas! when will our irresponsibles learn that, in accordance with all acknowledged principles of sportsmanship and consideration for the feelings of others, such things simply are not done?

## PHONES IN PEMBINA

Perhaps the difficulties dependent on the system adopted for the establishments of partnerships for the Christmas Banquet this year is responsible, but, whatever the cause, it is certain that the inconvenience suffered by any one who finds it necessary or pleasant or otherwise desirable to talk over the phone with any resident of Pembina has been greatly increased in these last few weeks of the term, when few have any time to spare for such purposes. And at that it has never within the memory of man been an easy matter.



If you want to get ahead, use the one you've got.

"You can't get in here on half a ticket," exclaimed the doorkeeper at the exhibition.

"I thought I could," apologized the small-town citizen. "I have a bad eye, and I only expected to see half the show."

"Then you'll have to get two tickets," the doorkeeper announced. "If you have only one eye it'll take you twice as long to see the show."

"Is this the lawyer who is going to defend me?" asked the murderer as he looked at the young lawyer.

"Yes," answered the judge, "he's your lawyer."

"If he should die," asked the murderer, "could I have another?"

"Certainly," replied the judges.

"Can I see him alone for a few moments?"

"Professor," said the student, "I want to take up international law. What course of study would you recommend?"

"Constant target practice."

"Look here, Snip," said Slowpay indignantly to his tailor, "you haven't put any pockets in these trousers."

"No, Mr. Slowpay," said the tailor with a sigh. "I judged from your account here that you never had anything to put in them."

"You don't know what real torture is," said Jones to Smith.

"What is it, then?" asked Smith.

"I suffered it yesterday," answered Jones, "when the barber had my mouth full of lather and I sat there watching the shop boy giving my new hat to another customer."

A rather patronizing individual from town was observing with considerable interest the operations of a farmer with whom he had put up for awhile.

As he watched the old man sow the seed in his field the man from the city called out facetiously:

"Well done, old chap. You sow; I reap the fruits."

Whereupon the farmer grinned and replied: "Maybe you will. I am sowing hemp."

This love business gives me a pain in the neck."

"Maybe you are too athletic about it."

"Pa, what are cosmetics?"

"Cosmetics, my son, are peach preserves."

"Tommy," said the teacher, "can you tell us what is meant by nutritious food?"

"Yes'm," said Tommy; "it's food what ain't got no taste to it."

"We were slowly starving to death," said the famous explorer at the boarding house table, "but we cut up our boots and made soup of them, and this sustained life."

"Hush, hush, not so loud," whispered the boarders on each side. "The landlady might hear you."

After several unsuccessful attempts to draw her husband into conversation at the restaurant the wife discovered the cause of his abstraction to be a beautiful girl dressed in black and seated at a near-by table.

"An attractive widow," observed the wife coolly.

"Yes, indeed, a very attractive widow," agreed the husband enthusiastically.

"Yes," sighed the wife. "I wish I were one."

"Engaged to four girls at once?" exclaimed the horrified uncle. "How do you explain such shameful conduct?"

"I don't know," said the graceless nephew. "I guess Cupid must have shot me with a machine gun."

The newly-arrived citizen from Italy was trying his best to buy a colander, but could not make the clerk understand what he wanted. The clerk showed him several kinds of pans, but at each he shook his head. Finally he got an idea.

"Give-a me dis-a kind," he said: "Ze water go ahead, ze macaroni stop."

An eminent astronomer explained in a lecture that a certain star looked no bigger than a threepence a hundred miles away. After the lecture one of his audience said to him:

"Are you not a Scotchman?"

"I am," said the famous man proudly, "but how did you know that?"

"I knew it because nobody but a Scotchman would trouble about a threepence one hundred miles away."

If it's only the thought behind the present that counts—why give the present?

Don't do your Christmas shopping surly.

Hannibal crossed the Alps,  
Webster crossed his T's,  
Washington crossed the Delaware  
And co-eds cross their knees.

—Idaho Argonaut.

News from the University of Michigan indicates that quite a number of students are working their way through college by bootlegging. Do the authorities

Something ought to be done about it, and the obvious something is that there should be more phones installed. It is true that this would mean more frequent phone duty for each resident girl; but perhaps that duty would not be so harassing as it is at present is. For the sake, therefore, of the residents of Pembina, who are obliged to go on phone duty, and more particularly for the sake of the many busy people who constantly find it desirable to have a telephone conversation with one of these residents, it is time for a campaign for migger and better phone service in Pembina.

# Introducing to the Students

- - - our

## 12 PAY PLAN

"It Costs No More"

YOU PAY A SMALL DEPOSIT  
DOWN AND THE REST IN WEEK-  
LY OR MONTHLY PAYMENTS TO  
SUIT YOUR CONVENIENCE.

BY THIS METHOD YOU CAN FILL MANY OF YOUR  
CHRISTMAS GIFTS AT OUR STORE AND GET THAT NEW  
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Special attention to Students

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(Opposite Rialto Theatre)

Correct answer to last question:

"Because the table had cedar legs"

Winner: Edward A. McCourt, St. Stephen's College

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COMPANY OF CANADA  
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Edmonton

**JACK MARSHALL**  
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Phone 1564

ties intend to stop this, and let bootlegging profits go to less worthy objects?

Hardly anyone cares to take sides with Harry Thaw—and yet it does seem as if he was justified in his contention that \$75,000 is an exorbitant price to pay for the doubtful pleasure of biting a night club hostess.

"Ever done any outside readin'?"  
"Tried it once, but it was too cold."

Waiter: "Isn't you egg cooked long enough, sir?"  
Diner: "Yes, but not soon enough."

From Brooklyn comes the news that a bigamist was convicted who was supporting two wives on a

salary of \$25 a week. He should be released on condition that he publish his household accounts.

Oculist (pointing to test chart, showing letters of various sizes): "P-X-Z-Y-Q-O-N-R-Z-S-C-I-Y—Can you read that?"

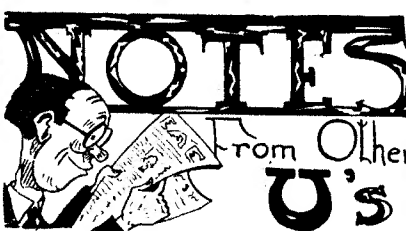
Patient: "Sure, but I can't pronounce it. I'm not a Bolshevik."

"It's no use," sighed Freddy; "I certainly can never learn to spell."

"Why not?" inquired his mother.

"How the dickens can I ever learn," he demanded hotly, "when the teacher changes the words every day?"

"My, this Math. class is terrible."  
"Yes, so is tissue paper."



Vernal, Utah (I.P.)—The skeletons of two monster animals, a diplodocus and a brontosaurus, believed to have lived in this country 80,000,000 years ago in the Jurassic period, have been discovered in this vicinity by Barnum Brown, curator of fossils and reptiles at the American Museum of Natural History at New York.

Brown is planning to return here with an expedition in the near future to dig the valuable bones out of the sandstone rock in which they have been preserved for these ages. It is estimated that the work will require two months.

## Med-Alumni of U.W.O.

There are more Life Members of the Med. Alumni of the University of Western Ontario in Calgary and in Edmonton than in any other city in the world. There are more Life Members in Calgary than in any branch Alumni Association. London District has 6 Life Members, Essex County 2, Michigan 2, and California 2; while Calgary has 10. One of the classes that holds a re-union next week in Windsor plans to make history as re-

gards life membership. Details will be divulged later.

Guayaquil, Ecuador (I.P.)—A mass meeting of students and the Federation of Labor here recently decided to ask for the closing of the university here as a protest against the suspension of five students for an alleged breach of discipline.

Madison, Wis. (I.P.)—When Iowa students rushed on to the field here following the Iowa victory over Wisconsin, and attempted to tear down the Wisconsin goal posts, as Wisconsin students had done a year ago at Iowa, a near riot was caused. Police, in a clever effort to break up the riot, had an accommodating spectator run from the stadium with police officers in hot pursuit. This caused such a sensation that the students forgot their battle, and left off rioting at the goal posts.

Columbus, Ohio (I.P.)—Fifteen hundred technical publications in all languages, dealing with scores of fields of chemistry, have been surveyed and abstracted in the interests of scientific progress by the reporting system of the American Chemistry Society, it was announced by Professor E. J. Crane, of Ohio State University, editor of Chemical Abstracts, the society's publication.

In this way, Dr. Crane said, almost 25,000 results of modern study have been catalogued for reference since

the work was begun in 1907 by Professor Noyes.

## Co-eds Shoot (McGill Daily)

Shooting among women at McGill, although a comparatively new sport, has attained such impetus in its short career that the co-eds are for the speedy continuation of the sport.

With this object in view, a meeting of the M.W.S. Rifle Club was held recently in the R.V.C. common room. So much interest has been shown in this branch of women's sport that an unprecedented number of newcomers attended the meeting.

Membership in the club is restricted to forty, a number which just taxes its capacity. The committee expects that all forty places will be filled.

## Ingersoll Lecturer (McGill Daily)

Harvard has honored the University of Toronto by inviting Sir Robert Falconer, the president, to come as Ingersoll Lecturer for 1929-30. He will deliver the series of lectures next spring.

Sir Robert Falconer is the recipient of many degrees, including an LL.D. from Yale, Princeton, Glasgow, and Dublin, a D.D. from Edinburgh, a D.C.L. from Oxford, and a D.Litt. from Manchester. He has also been given the honor of Knight Commander of Saint Michael and Saint George.



## HE

As told to Captain Z by Lord H. Rider-Ragged

It was a cool evening in October—I remember it so well, for it was one of the outstanding nights in my history. I was sitting alone in my study in my house at 469 Watling street, with my adopted son Tera. He had just reached his twenty-first birthday, and according to the promise which I had made to his dying father ten years ago, I was about to open the casket which had been left in my charge along with the boy Tera. It was an exquisitely carved wood chest, braced around with heavy iron bands, and a certain thrill of mystery ran through me as I unlocked the heavy brass padlock and threw back the lid. A musty odor arose from within, and after allowing it to clear off, we peered into the depths of the hope chest. Inside was another casket, a miniature edition of the first, only that it opened with a secret spring which Tera's father had told me about. With trembling hand I turned the dial the requisite number of times, and the lid flew back with a snap. Inside this box was a piece of an old kimono, made of the most exquisite spider web silk, and as we drew this out we noticed that it was covered with faded handwriting. Almost overcome with excitement, we hurried over under the light, where we perused it with the greatest of care. And this is what we read:

"I, Leifric Tera Tigerson, do hereby mayke thys wyll a charte, and doe also ande wythall endou alle mye erthlie tresurs to mye onlie sonn ande offsprynge, Tera Tera Terason. Thys enclozed mappe, whyche maye be found onne the revers syde offe thys wyll, whych ys yndeede mayde fromme the kymona offe my true-love madame Pompadour, wyll lede mye sonne to the tresur whych I, yn mye younger day, dydde depoyt yn the abysmal depths offe the jungle offe the darke ande dysmal cuntrye, Africa."

With haste we turned the parchment, and, sure enough, there was a map which stated that, if we were to follow its directions would lead us to a veritable treasure trove which had been hidden in the days gone by by the admirable Leofric.

"Let's go, uncle!" cried the younger Tera. (You see, I had taught him to call me uncle.) "With this fortune at my disposal, I shall be able to wed the fair Euphemia!"

The pleading and evident agony in his eyes were unmistakable. Sadly I drew forth my hypodermic syringe, and without further hesitation, shot the needle home.

## CHAPTER II

When Tera came to, we were in a little boat drifting apparently in an aimless manner off the west coast of Africa. The sun was setting in the west with all the grandeur of a god disposing himself for rest. We scanned the shore desperately, looking for some sign which should tell us where to land. Suddenly Tera threw his glasses (horn-rimmed) over the side, and shouted:

"There it is, uncle! I am sure that it is the sign papa spoke of! On uncle, it just must be the sign!"

There, sure enough, outlined against the setting sun (it might be well to note here that the sun was setting in the east for a change) was the head and bust of Madame Pompadour, a natural monument carved by dear old Mother Nature in memory of the fallen sweetheart of old Leofric. It was the sign which he had told us about.

Without further ado we effected a landing (it might be well to note here that we had lost our further ado overboard when Tera threw the glasses over the side), and leaving Kaffi, our native boy, to watch the boat, we took our big game rifles and ventured inland to look for for some "pboklakt," which is the Zulu word for supper. We had gone but a few "kaffitzphsis" (Zulu for furlongs) inland when we stumbled upon one of the biggest games it had ever been my privilege to see. About a hundred and fifty niggers were engaged in "rollyngedyece," a native game which is played a great deal amongst primitive peoples. Knowing the game I sat in on it, and before long had all their hunting spears and all their togery as well. Emboldened by my apparent success, I returned with Tera to where we had left Kaffi, and found to our horror that Kaffi had in our absence become the first course of an African dinner party. Rather than act as the dessert, we leaped on our camels (racing camels, by the way) and without further ado sped off over the Sahara (I believe that I mentioned that we had lost our further ado earlier in the game). Ah, that terrible flight across the desert! I shall never forget it! The hot scorching sand biting into our faces hour after hour as we rode into the eye of the setting sun, which, strange to say, was setting in the west. Finally, before our startled vision rose the vision of an oasis in the shape of a beer bottle.

## CHAPTER III

"Whoopee!" roared Tera, and in another minute he had urged his already flagging camel over the remaining ten miles of desert and had the beer bottle to his lips before I could say Jack Robinson (I really wasn't trying to say Jack Robinson, I merely insert this as a simile). When I got there which, by the way, was several days later, Tera had finished most of the beer, and was as drunk as a lord (I really don't mean that lords are always drunk, I merely insert this as a simile), and there wasn't more than about half a gallon left. Without further ado (I believe I mentioned further back that we had lost our further ado and hence everything we did was without further ado), I polished the remaining couple of quarts off, and we proceed-

ed rapidly onwards to the mountains, which were already becoming visible through the heavy English mist which, as you know, invariably clouds the tourists' vision on his first trip to "Merrie England," as they say in the story books. Fifteen days later, we reached the hills, which on closer inspection turned out to be mountains, and without further ado (it strikes me that I mentioned somewhere earlier in this manuscript that we had lost our further ado), we, accompanied only by our water boy, a fellow called Herbert Hoover (we called him "Herbie" for short) scaled the almost insurmountable cliffs which, by the way, are quite common in the "Dark Continent." After twelve days climbing, we arrived at the "Kefflikettz" (which, by the way, is the Zulu word for "top"), and without further ado (stop me if you've heard that we lost our further ado earlier in the game, and don't say what game), we turned our course inland.

## CHAPTER IV

The morning of the twenty-first day of our trip inland (still west, you must remember) was one of THE days in my history, for it was on that day that we sighted for the first time in our lives the glorious city of Kakkaka, the city in which, if we were to go by the chart of the dead Leofric, lay the treasure for which we had come so many miles and suffered untold hardships, and also the city in which dwelt the terrible "HE," a name to be whispered, as we learnt afterward.

## CHAPTER V

By eventide we had reached the outskirts of the city, which to our astonishment, covered an area almost as large as London, and which was very densely populated. Giving our heavy elephant rifles to "Herbie" with the admonition to see that they were well loaded, we advanced boldly, unarmed except for our six-shooters, the which, however, we carried boldly in our hands. Before we had gone more than seven "kopjes" a word meaning one-fifth of an average city block, we found ourselves surrounded by a band of what were evidently the city police, and who in excellent but menacing French asked what in hell we were doing there.

"We," I stated boldly, "have come after the treasure left here many years ago by Leofric Tera Tigerson!" A considerable crowd had gathered by then, and at the mention of the name "Tigerson" they howled in poorly concealed rage.

"So," coldly inquired the chief of police, whose nickname, by the way, was "Shoot" on account of his over-readiness to draw. "You have come for the treasure, have you? Then come with me and make it snappy."

"Where," queried Tera, "do you intend to take us?"

"You are going to appear before HE," the chief snarled in a meaning whisper.

"But we don't want to see HE!" I bellowed angrily.

"Did you whisper that last word?" snarled the chief.

"Certainly NOT," I shouted, completely exasperated by this outrageous treatment. "Who in hell is this HE guy anyway?"

"That, mon ami, you will only too soon find out!" he bellowed belligerently. "Take them prisoners, men!"

Rather than give in without a struggle, Tera and I placed ourselves back to back and emptied our revolvers into the ever-growing mass of cops, but without effect. The bullets did not move as rapidly in this rarified atmosphere, and we could see them float slowly through the air and drop harmless from the bosoms of the "bobbies," as they are affectionately termed in jolly England.

And so, despite our determined resistance, we were soon made captive by the over-zealous Kakkakkians, bound hand and foot, blindfolded, and carried on the shoulders of chief "Shoot's" men for many a weary mile.

When our blindfolds were at last removed and we were set once more upon our feet, we found ourselves to be in a vast room, the ceiling of which was fully seventy-five feet over our heads, while the cubic content of this gigantic chamber could have been no less than 456,758,239½ cubic yards, so to say that we were rather—well—shall we say, overwhelmed would be putting it mildly. In the centre of the room and directly in front of us was a huge dias, made of pure beaten gold and studded with precious gems, veiled around the top with a heavy blue cloth which looked to be made of a rich velvet. At a word from "Shoot," the men filed out and left us alone standing before the gilded throne, to work out our destiny unaided, our poor brains pitted against the mighty intellect of the awful "HE."

"Well, uncle," said Tera, his beautiful lips quivering ever so slightly, "it looks as though it was all up with us now. Forgive me for having persuaded you to come into this terrible country."

"Tera," I replied sadly, "there is nothing to be forgiven. I am an old man, and can be of no use in this world. But I regret deeply seeing your young life snuffed out like this." And I kissed him sadly on the forehead.

A minute later and we heard the sound of a great rumbling as if some huge locomotive had been dropped down a well, and the blue veil before the throne was slowly drawn back. We hardly dared to look out—we were in the presence of the all-powerful HE.

"Look up and behold!" said an exquisitely sweet voice, surely not a man's, and we hesitatingly raised our eyes from the floor where we had placed them in case HE should wish

to have them removed by some special process. And then—we gazed at the throne—and then at ourselves, to make sure that we were not dreaming—for seated on the golden chair sat a woman of such exquisite beauty that I could hardly believe my eyes. I glanced rapidly again at Tera. His eyes were staring in astonishment at the gorgeous damsel on the dias. And yet, his look was not so much that of astonishment as of stark adoration. She spoke:

"Will not the good-looking one (that let ME out) come and sit beside me on my throne?"

I could see that Tera was weakening fast. He hesitated for a moment and then walked slowly up the steps and seated himself beside her. I was still too astoundingly petrified to move. Tera looked at me for a moment, and then:

"Aw, uncle, go peddle your papers!" And before I swooned away I saw his arm steal slowly around her waist, and he pressed his lips to hers in a passionate embrace. And then I knew no more.

## CHAPTER VI

When I came to I was lying on a comfort—

Editor's Note. — The remaining sheets of the manuscript evidently were misplaced, but who cares?

Alice In Varsity Land  
By P.W.

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there was a little girl, with golden curls, laughing eyes, and teeth like pearls—and she went to Varsity. A tortuous path marks the way to the top of the Hill of First Beginnings. Giants as formidable as Briareus and Orgoglia confront the unwary traveler and vanquish many a faint heart. But the "Ugly-Wuglies" of disaster fell away from Alice, and at last she stood on the brow of the hill. The Hall of Learning was almost terrifying with its unmistakable stamp of hard work and knowledge.

## First Impressions

Alice turned the bright brass handle of a large door and stood upon the threshold of a long, low room. A beam of dancing sunlight fell athwart the obscurity and gloom of this rather curious chamber. Alice brushed her hand across her eyes and peered anxiously around.

A dull murmur like that of distant breakers pervaded the room. Many fantastic shapes moved now here, now there, some singly, others in groups of varying numbers. They couldn't be real people! One and all were clad in black and red. A portly gentleman, hurrying to attach himself to a particularly animated group, tripped over his sword. Alice rushed forward to prevent the disaster, but he fell headlong at her feet. The sword was a very long, silver pencil, and the rotund gentleman had fallen

open like a book. "Why," thought Alice, "they are all books!"

## History and Languages

The young lady, who really possessed "infinite resource and sagacity," circled the nearest group and read their titles. They were all histories, which undoubtedly accounted for their unwieldy size. One was tearing his hair and muttering with maniacal despair, "Woe is me! I am indeed undone! Can I never remember? Which comes first, Ethelbert or Ethelbert, or is it Ethelbit and Ethelgirk?"

Alice shook her head and sighed, then whispered soothingly, "Call them all Ethel, it can't really matter in history, you know."

The next group caused a smile of sheer amusement, then a hastily suppressed laugh to burst from the onlooker. They were all speaking in different tongues, and the result was at first an incomprehensible jargon. One thin blue book was repeating distinctly and carefully as for a memory lesson, "I do not say it for the King of Prussia; it would be the same in French, German, English, and Chinese."

A group of books, which quite evidently included the literature of various nations and times, were all trying to assert themselves at once. Snatches of their conversation reached Alice's attentive ear and made her marvel greatly at what she heard.

One was deriving the keenest enjoyment from stating at intervals in irrefutable tones, "At this period Greece attained to the highest peaks

of civilization. Women were subordinate and were kept strictly in their places."

## "Push the Button"

Alice felt very sorry for one who was in a perpetual quandary. His ardent spirit was depicted in word and glance, but occasionally a bomb-shell exploded from his lips, "What shall we do about the lights? There are so many buttons to press! Some one else play with them for a while!"

At last Alice emerged into the bright sunshine again. There was much to ponder in what she had seen and heard. But the pensive mood was soon dispelled by happy chatter and gay laughter. Perhaps it had been only a dream after all. Who knows?

## Why Be Blue?

Some say life's unpleasant,  
Some say that it's fleet.  
I don't care what others say,  
For I think life is sweet.  
I rejoice to even live,  
To whistle cares away—  
While other moan and groan and wail,  
In their unhappy way.  
Now wherefore all this sadness,  
Why worry, and why fret?  
Life's too short for all of this;  
So—why not just forget  
All those petty little things  
That are making you so blue?  
They're not worth the worrying!  
So why be blue?  
I'm not. Are you?

—D. C. F.

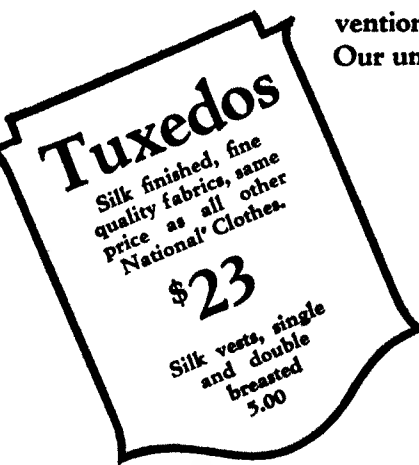


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## Dramatic Festival Planned For Calgary Next Year

Theatrical Talent of Calgary, Lethbridge, Medicine Hat and Edmonton to Compete at Grand Theatre in Calgary—Edmonton Committee to Choose Plays from Eight Submitted

Founded with the intention of promoting drama and opera in the province, the Alberta Dramatic and Operatic League proposes to hold its first festival in the Grand Theatre, Calgary, some time in February. The League's object is a laudable one, and its annual competition should become on a par with the Alberta Musical Festival.

The League is the outcome of an executive meeting held last August. Mr. Sterndale Bennett, of Lethbridge, Mr. H. Norman Davies, of Medicine Hat, Mr. G. Edwards and Mr. Thorlucks, both of Calgary, were instrumental in promoting the organization.

A committee went to Lethbridge to draw up the constitution, a general

publicity committee went to Medicine Hat, the actual festival publicity committee stayed in Calgary, and a play selection committee went to Edmonton. The latter committee consists of Dr. W. H. Alexander, F. Balmer Watt, Miss S. Marriott, and Mrs. N. W. Haynes.

Each city (Medicine Hat, Calgary, Lethbridge, Edmonton) is to submit two plays for sanction by the play-selection committee. The latter will choose four plays (one for each city) for presentation at the festival. This method will serve to eliminate the possibility of four tragedies, for example, being presented on one night. The following plays have been

chosen for this year:

Calgary: "Beauty and the Jacobin" and "Punch and Go."

Lethbridge: "The Valiant" and the screen scene from "The School for Scandal."

Medicine Hat, choice yet to be made.

Edmonton: "Shall We Join the Ladies," and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals."

Mrs. N. W. Haynes is responsible for Edmonton's contribution this year. In following years the recently-formed Little Theatre Movement will probably produce Edmonton's play at the festival.

### HELD BY THE SENIORS





## How The Play Competition Began

By J. T. Jones

I am not very sure of all the circumstances which gave rise to the annual play competition between classes, but as far as I can remember it happened like this.

In the session of 1920-21, under the presidency of Miss Mercy B. Summerhayes, the Dramatic Society was at the height of its activity. Beside the "big play" in the spring it was customary to have one or two nights of short plays and monthly meetings at which we read and discussed plays

and drank tea. (Would you believe it? we had to fight in the Students' Council for those teas, even though our own fifty-cent membership fees paid for them.) In those days also we used to spend a few hundred dollars occasionally on books for the Dramatic library, a practice which I was pleased to hear is about to be resumed; and, best of all, we used to end up the year with a banquet. All this I mention so that, when I call Miss Summerhayes one of the most vigorous presidents the Dramatic Society had in those years, you may understand how vigorous she was. It was under her leadership that the present play competitions were inaugurated.

One day in the fall of 1920 she and I met in the front lobby (there were some even in those days who misnamed it "rotunda") of the Arts building to talk dramat. We deplored the tendency (quite natural then as now) of the play-acting and directing to fall into the hands of a few people year after year, and wondered if there might not be some new way of spreading interest and of bringing talent to light. Would competition serve these ends? We remembered a competition that the Literary Society used to hold between the reception. One aspect that appealed to us was that the executive would be relieved of some labor if it could place on other organizations the responsibility of preparing a programme of short plays. I forgot to what point the plan advanced in this conversation. At any rate, in a day or two it was broached to the executive of the Dramatic Society and discussed with enthusiasm. Dr. W. G. Hardy was a member; he recalled theatricals in Toronto, and both he and the honorary president, Dr. Gordon, gave helpful advice and encouragement. The competition was decided on, rules were drawn up, and the presidents of all the classes were asked to call their classes together for the election of committees. The response was surprising. Such was the enthusiasm with which the classes took up the scheme that the play night in February was successful beyond all expectations, and made its annual repetition a certainty. The Freshmen were the first winners. February, 1921, was the date of the first Inter-year Play competition. The second was held in December of the same year, and December has, I believe, been the month ever since.

There was in the beginning no trophy to compete for. That came, I think, in the fall of 1921, when Miss Margaret Villy, (now Mrs. Leonard Huskins) was president. Miss Summerhayes and I had wondered if we could afford to present a shield. When Miss Villy showed a desire to enter the partnership, the difficulty was solved; and thus it was that the shield came to be presented by three successive presidents of the Dramatic Society. It is a modest shield, for we were undergraduates then; if we had been professors it might have been more modest still.

## THE FORUM

### That the C.O.T.C. Should Be Abolished

The fifth debate of the University Parliamentary Debating Society was held Thursday, December 5, in the Men's Common Room.

Mr. Hamilton was the Speaker and Mr. Peter Keyser the Secretary of the House.

After reading of the minutes by the secretary of the last meeting, Mr. Percy Davies moved that the debate should be read: "That the C.O.T.C. should be abolished." Accepted.

Mr. Felp Priestley then introduced for the Government the resolution: "That the C.O.T.C. should be abolished." The speaker argued chiefly on military contra economical position of Great Britain before and against the Great War.

Mr. Percy Davies was the Leader of the Opposition. He stated that there was no limitation, no limit in the building of warships. The treaty of Lugano, the world court of arbitration at the Hague and the League of Nations at Geneva all are very well, but they have documents upon paper. Germany of today did not accept the Young plan of the reparation bill, and at the Balkans, Palestine, it is not settled yet. The speaker ended with a warning to Canada, "Be prepared, before needed."

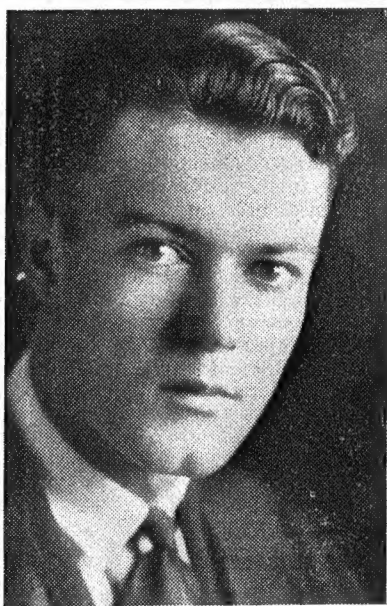
Following a more or less pertinent discussion on both sides of the House, and after rebuttal by the Leader of the Government, a vote was taken, and the discussion given to the Government (by one vote).

The motion of Mr. Wershof, "Resolved that life is futile," was accepted for the next debate.

Mr. Priestley was elected speaker for the next meeting.

The meeting adjourned.

### BEST ACTOR



ALBERT CAIRNS

Who for his portrayal of the Boy in the Freshman play, "The Boy Comes Home," was adjudged best actor in the Inter-year plays.

## "Shall We Join the Ladies" Wins Play-Night for Seniors

Freshman Play, "The Boy Comes Home," Runs Close Second—Best Actress, Phyllis Hart, Sophomore—Best Actor, Albert Cairns, Freshman

The Seniors, starring in John Barrie's "Shall We Join the Ladies?" won the shield open for competition

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STRAIGHT-GRAINED  
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ELDORADO  
"THE MASTER  
DRAWING  
PENCIL"

FOR SALE AT THE  
COLLEGE BOOKROOM

In dramatics between the classes, Friday night, Dec. 6th, in Convocation Hall. The other plays offered were Roland Pertwee's "Evening Dress Indispensable" by the Sophomores, Wilfrid Gibbon's "Kestrel Edge" by the Juniors, and A. A. Milne's "The Boy Comes Home" by the Freshmen.

The decision for the best actor of the evening was given to Albert Cairns, the hero in the Freshman play, and for the best actress to Phyllis Hart for her representation of the mother in the Sophomore play. In all cases the popular vote of the audience coincided with that of the judges.

"Evening Dress Indispensable" The four actors in the Sophomore play had parts of nearly equal importance, though the central figure was the girl with a "Russian soul" who had lately taken a penchant for dressing weirdly and painting pictures after the cubist school of art. This role was ably filled by Dot Walker. The other actors, representing the charming mother of the girl, her dashing suitor, and the mother's equally dashing suitor, were, respectively, Phyllis Hart, Carmen McKim, and Dwight Williams.

"Kestrel Edge"

The Junior play, the only tragedy in the performance, is commonly considered to have been a poor choice. The extremely difficult parts of mother and two sons, one of whom was intensely religious according to the strictest and most fanatic forms of religion, were played by Doris Dunham, Don Brander and Winfield Race. The last of these has received high praise for the vigour of his portrayal.

"The Boy Comes Home" The Freshman choice is held to be the best made for years. The title role of the Boy was very capably filled by Albert Cairns. The hardest part of the play, that of the boy's uncle, was taken with considerable success by Timothy Byrne. The less important parts of the doting aunt, the exacting cook, and the maid were played by Marion Clements, Dorothy Esch and Cal Holmgren.

"Shall We Join the Ladies?" The principal part in the Senior play, that of Sam Smith, the host, was taken by Walter Hancock. The remainder of the equally important,

## JOTTINGS

Members of the Alumni of Strathcona and Victoria High Schools are invited to attend the annual Alumni Dances which are to be held Dec. 30 and Dec. 27, respectively, in the MacDonald Hotel. Tickets may be obtained at the schools or from alumni representatives at Varsity.

The Swimming Club's night at the Y.W.C.A. pool will not be held this Tuesday (Dec. 17).

J. Dillon Cornwall, well remembered here for Gateway and Dramatic Society activities, was a visitor to the University last Wednesday. His visit was made prior to leaving for the east to resume work with the Canadian Chataqua circuit.

On Nov. 20 a wedding of interest to many Varsity students took place when Florence Allison, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crossley, of Grand View, Manitoba, and W. C. "Neil" Fawcett, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Fawcett, of Consort, Alberta, were married in Edmonton, at the home of Mrs. Thomas Bellamy.

Neil is a graduate in Agriculture of this University.

Several friends, keen on a charivari, were neatly foiled, for the wedding was held sooner than anticipated in the presence of only a few close friends and relatives.

We remind you again of the Var-

### Did You See?

Anyone writing an epitaph; "Sparky" in Pembina, showing up the boys; Elizabeth McKenzie coming downstairs; Walter Hancock acting as Master of Ceremonies; Dot Robertson disciplining an obstinate classmate; Eddie Cairns bringing over his apple-box; Jack and Walt in their great big fur coats; Dot Walker assisting Walter Hancock; Eric O'Brien making a flying leap for the nearest door; Eloise McKinnon meeting the long and the short of it; Chris Winning causing a riot in her corridor about the residence banquet; Jean Reed making up her own mind about the same event; Leyda Seestrup as traffic cop at a certain historic intersection; Jean Greig making it from ground floor of Pembina to the third in thirty-three seconds flat for a phone call that wasn't; Maude Riley reserving a Pembina chesterfield and then using it; Marjorie Allin studying garage interiors; Elsie Young taking heed of the army's warning; Mary Ross trying to be a conundrum; Hugh Wilson running the girls' check room at the rink helped by an 8-inch cigar; Ken Conibear winning a blueberry pie-eating contest.

all-star cast consisted of fifteen such well-known actors as Eric Gibbs, Peg Roseborough, D. MacKenzie and Mona McLeod.

The University Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mrs. J. B. Carmichael, played in the intervals.

sity Ball being held by the Calgary branch of the Alumni Association in the Palliser Hotel, Dec. 27.

The Law Club held its fourth luncheon of this season in St. Joseph's banquet hall last Wednesday. The speaker for the occasion was Mr. Harrison. As a practitioner in a small town he gave the members advice that was welcomed by all. The meeting was very well attended.

The Christmas banquet was held last Saturday evening in the Athabasca dining room. Apparently the work of the self-established let-us-

make-you-acquainted committees had been well done, as the usual air of close comradeship among all the guests prevailed.

At the last meeting of the Chem. Club, held on Wednesday, the 11th, Vice-President Zimmerman in the chair, it was decided to send Dr. Lehmann a small token of esteem on the occasion of his birthday, which occurs shortly. The paper read at the meeting was by J. P. McKenzie, B.Sc., on "The Life and Works of W. H. Perkin."

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## THE CHRISTMAS RUSH

By H.S.

"When's the draw going to be, Leyda?"

"For the last time, I don't know!"

Rumors! Rumors! Rumors! And then at last the notice appears on the Pembina bulletin-board to the effect that the "momentous draw" (incorrectly interpreted by one Pembinites to be "monotonous draw") will take place after dinner.

### Shop Early!!

Dinner over—follows one mad stampede to the Pembina "rot"—Leyda's capable arms ready to give any traffic cop a run for his money, barring the entrance to one of the small sitting-rooms, and stentorian cries of:

"Will you people stand back! Where do you think you are? What do you think this is? Six at a time! No, six! Here—didn't you hear me say—six? Six—see—six!"

And finally "six" (more or less) would-be Amazons give a final lurch and plunge and somehow recover consciousness to find themselves on the other side of the aforementioned menacing arms.

Next—the "six" make a tackle at an innocent-looking milk pitcher, and extract—men—their partners for the Christmas banquet!

And oh, those men! Talk about your 57 varieties. Tall men, short men, good-looking men, bad-looking men, cross-eyed men and the kind that aren't cross-eyed, well-dressed men, poorly dressed men, the gallant kind, the sophisticated kind, the "regular-old-Jew" kind, the "there-and-back-in-a-taxi kind," the kind that last-night-took-out-his-sixty-seventh-different-girl-this-term, the faithful swain, the "speak-for-yourself-John" kind, the poker-face kind, the kind that never says a word, and the kind that does all the talking, etc., etc., ad infinitum.

### The Aftermath

Then—cries from the doorway—"Whoja get, Eloise? Who izzy? What? Whoja say? Good for you!"

"Mary, who'd Jew get? What's-at? Not the little short guy? Oh-migosh!"

"Anybody know X.Y.Z. Jones? What? You don't mean to say you got him of all people? Why, Jennie'll be off you for life."

"Why, maybe you'll meet your soul-mate!"

"Stand back, I said—BACK!"

"Oh, dear, why did I ever draw? I'll have to go through with it now. Oh, well, it's only for one evening."

"Nobody seems to know who H. B. C. Brown is. Oh, you know him, Gertie? What's he like? Quick! Oh, that's the one who sits at the next table to us in Athabaska. He doesn't look too bad, I wonder if he's a decent dancer."

"Who's D. E. F. Gooseflesh? Oh-h-h, Jean, Betty wants to know who 'Deffy' Gooseflesh is. You take her aside and break the news gently. I just couldn't. Oh, my dear, my dear, and can you go on blandly living after that?"

"Well, you know, kids, there's just a possibility that this bad luck works both ways. D'ja ever think of that?"

And so—far—far into the afternoon!

And the newspaper reports will say—

"The Christmas banquet exemplified a universal spirit of peace and goodwill towards Men!"

### On Lots of Girls

..... but such

As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,

Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain

Through her perverseness, but shall see her gaind

By a far worse, or if .....

—(Paradise Lost, Book Ten, II, 904-09.)

"What good luck some girls do have!" was Charley's first reaction to the news that fate had assigned him Miss Alphomega as partner to the Christmas banquet. But one couldn't really blame him for being a little sore; after all, he had already been invited—by Miss Walpole, of course—and he had accepted her invitation, of course. And Miss Alphomega—well, if he had been ungentlemanly enough to enter any one of the numerous "lemon" pools, he would have speedily become the owner of a modest fortune.

I also was suffering some disappointment. All my friends, it is true, saw fit to congratulate me on the happiness of my lot; but secretly I had embarked on this venture only in the dim hope that perhaps some certain person who I knew would never ask me, but who I—ah, well, it's all in a lifetime.

Perceiving Charley's disappointment, and sensing mine, George gloated.

"Don't you wish you were I?" he bubbled, "as free as the winds, as unhampered as the drifting clouds? Who would take chances on a girl? It's risky enough when you choose 'em yourself."

"You know all about it, of course, don't you?" Charley retorted. "I'd like to know your real reason for not putting yourself up for raffle."

"Obvious, it seems to me, my dear Charley; namely, that I didn't want to give any girl so great a privilege."

"Huh—much more likely you'd have won a lot of money for some poor innocent dear."

"Say, in exactly the same state is your venerable male parent—in what manner do you obtain that way? I tell you any girl would be proud to take me."

"Yes, and throw you in the river, undoubtedly."

"What! Don't you realize that the Pembina House Committee had quite a job persuading the girls to accept the lottery suggestion until it be-

## The Alpine Club of Canada

By R.R.

What is the Alpine Club of Canada? It is not, as is popularly supposed, a select club for a certain type of lunatic who is desirous of taking his farewell leap from a mountain top and having his body preserved for eternity in a snowfield.

On the contrary, it is composed of a group of people who love the out-of-doors, who wish to enjoy and appreciate Nature to the fullest degree, and who, for that reason, gather once a year in some beautiful spot of the Rockies.

But is it not necessary to climb mountains? Is it not dangerous? No, it is neither. If one wishes to become an "active" member one must climb a mountain of certain height and characteristics, but a great many of the club's most ardent members are not "active." Nor is climbing a dangerous sport, for a trusty Swiss guide conducts the climbers from the Camp to the mountain peak, taking excellent care of every one of them, and continually dropping words of wisdom for those anxious to learn.

### The Great Out-doors

And as for enjoyment. There cannot be a more delightful sensation than that of being "on top," after an interesting and difficult climb. There is a feeling of accomplishment—of elation and buoyancy—of conquest.

Still more worth while is the glorious scenery: peaks towering on every side; huge fields of snow; enormous glaciers; beautiful little lakes of brilliant blue or green—all stretching as far as the eye can see.

Some lofty pinnacles are partly hidden amongst the clouds; others seem to pierce the background of blue sky. Each has a character of personal appearance all its own—one sharp, cold and forbidding; another rugged, but friendly and inviting.

Another interesting feature of a climb is the lunch. No "due luxe" dinner of many courses could taste half as delicious as the sandwiches, cheese and dried prunes, all of which are served from individual paper bags. To this may be added an unlimited supply of water—real water, fresh from a glacier, every drop brimful of thirst-quenching qualities. After once tasting this nectar from a mountain stream, none would so insult it as to call our civilized liquid by the same name.

### Enjoyment for Non-Climbers

For those who are not keen climbers, there are innumerable beauty-spots, far and near, which may be reached by means of well-worn trails. Guides are provided even for these, if needed, or desired, but the paths are defined clearly enough for anyone to find his way alone.

It is delightful merely to stay "in camp," such is the companionship and friendliness of all Alpinists. This includes the "staff" of packers, cooks and boys, some of whom are always there, if everyone else happens to be on an expedition. Even the usual drudgery of washing clothes becomes an adventure, especially when one's rinsing water must be carried precariously over a stream on a one-log bridge.

One need not be an artist, botanist or scientist in order to appreciate the wonders of the mountains. There is something to appeal to everyone, however learned or however ignorant he may be. The flowers, trees, birds and animals are equally beautiful and interesting when called by their ordinary names, as they are when referred to in awe-inspiring Latin terminology.

The Alpine Club Camp gives one health, exercise, companionship and beauty. What else could anyone desire on a holiday?

came generally known that I live in residence?"

Let them quarrel. It is an odd thing, this selecting a fair partner by chance—and yet a very, very familiar thing, being so much like life itself. It has often entered my philosophic head to wonder just what it would be like if, on arriving at that mature period of life when the character is no longer in the ordinary course of events subject to the quick transitions that mark the years of youth, one should in some way be presented with a list of all people living and with it some quick means of scanning that list in order therefrom to pick out a wife, or husband, and lifelong friends, given the knowledge of the very minutiae of their characters. Some people seem to assume that rationally such a thing is what happens in life as it is. But this is a ridiculous opinion: chance, blind, blind chance is the worker of most of our matings and affiliations. Relatives, it is said, are hard to get along with, because we can't choose them; but the same applies to all our relationships whether natural or selected. We happen to have a lab together, we chance to have the habit of going to the Tuck at the same hour—and we are friends, and more than friends.

Only occasionally is friendship or marriage the result of anything but chance, even in its narrowest sense. Only occasionally does a man see some girl the first sight of whom sends a shock to his heart, which leads him to seek her out, to make her acquaintance, feeling that in her, at last, has he found someone fit to be for him "a sweet disciple, and a guide."

### "Whirl is King, Having Driven Out Zeus"

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform"; but all too often He doesn't move, or doesn't seem to move, at all. So, like the Weeping Philosopher, we agree that *panta rhei*, and add that behind all their *rheing* we see nothing. With this exquisitely seasonal message we close, and with the admonition that "The audience is kindly requested to refrain from applause."

## WONGA'S WANDERINGS

### III—Glimpses from Residence

By Wonga

It was well after six as the Freshman and I neared Athabaska Hall. Lights shone from every window; as we approached, the trickle of running water smote upon our ears—trickling, not over the rocks, but over the equally hard faces of sophisticated Seniors, yea even over the downy upper lips of Freshmen, as they prepared for the evening meal. Moreover, glassfuls of water descended at intervals from corner windows, and playful Sophomores howled at the discomfiture of unwary passers-by. Dark figures scurried across the lawn with scant respect for trespass signs.

### Loaves and Fishes

Entering the lobby we found the gathering of the clans already in progress. The densely-packed lounge, the babel of many voices—then a sudden hush and a surge forward as the large doors at the end of the room swing open. But halt! room for the Pembina Platoon; there they go—the gentlemen gazing at the ladies, the ladies wishing to gaze at the gentlemen, but restrained by natural sentiments of modesty or disdain—all swallowed up, at last, through those

gaping doors, which immediately close upon them. As my friend and I had already dined we remained in the lounge. The sound of many chairs scraping the floor; then a noise as of a hundred men throwing plates at each other in a boiler factory.

"Surely," exclaimed the Freshman, "they are not eating in there?" We tiptoed up to one of the doors and glanced inside. They were indeed eating—but such eating! Even I, hardened as I am by Tuck Shop rushes, turned my eyes away. For many who were quite incapable of absorbing knowledge had acquired a remarkable proficiency at absorbing nourishment—swiftly, but alas! not silently.

We sat down to await the end of the meal, anticipating a twenty-five minute rest. Not so; in just twelve minutes the first table burst triumphantly through the doors, grimly chewing that last bite of pie. Forthrightly seconds more and the next group appeared; after that, the deluge, and we fled to the comparative quiet of Assiniboia.

### Rah! Rah! Rah!

We stood on the top floor of the north wing, looking down upon the campus flooded with mid-October moonlight. Very soon our reveries were interrupted by the appearance of a red light at the northern end of the campus. A small fire, which quickly grew into a large blaze; figures slipped out of the darkness and gathered about the fire until the group had grown to a considerable size. A white-sweated leader appeared from nowhere; a brief silence. Suddenly a yell of prodigious volume resounded through the night; after numerous hand-springs by the leader the performance was repeated—several times, to be succeeded by songs of a rather pugnacious character.

"Dear me," the Freshman burst out, "is this a class in the psychology of the African native?"

"Nothing so uplifting, my dear fellow," I explained. "You know that the North American Indians, before going forth to battle, had a quaint custom of holding great council fires, at which their braves sang, danced and shouted. The purpose of all this, it seems, was to arouse the guardian spirits of the tribe and to implore their assistance in the coming conflict. This scene below is merely a relic of that ancient custom, or of some similar form of primitive magic."

## Songs of a Lover

### No. 7 Unexpected, Unexpected

We two did meet upon a narrow walk—

The chance was kind that sent us there—

We smiled, but did not stay to talk—

How beautiful thou wert, and fair.

Afar I saw thee coming, all alone—

"How kind the chance that sends thee here!"

My lips were dumb, my tongue was stone;

So beautiful thou wert, my dear.

Mine eyes from thy sweet sight reluctant fled,

Despite the chance that sent thee there,

For fear my tale they soon had sped:

"How beautiful thou art, and fair."

But soon to thine they all unnoticed stole—

How kind the chance that sent them there—

A deep peace settled on my soul:

"How beautiful thou art, and fair!"

—YOUR ?

Of course it is called a "Pep Rally," which means very nearly the same thing. The spirit which they are attempting to conjure is known as the University spirit. I've never seen it myself; it quite possibly doesn't exist. If it does, it seems reluctant to be lured farther by the sound of the Varsity yell."

### The Last Quarter

Setting out for home shortly after ten, we passed in front of Pembina Hall, where we could scarcely help overhearing a rather interesting dialogue.

### (Footlights)

Enter through the front door of Pembina an innocent-looking young lady in hiking attire. She is met by an older lady of rather sterner mien; the conversation follows:

"Miss X, where have you been un-

til this late hour?"

"Hiking, Miss Y."

"You realize, I suppose, that it is now seven minutes after ten. Pembina House Rule No. 15, subsection (a), states that all hikers must return before ten o'clock."

"But Miss Y, this was quite a respectable hike—an S.C.M. hike, as a matter of fact; almost a major function. And really, I think—"

"You think too much, Miss X; this particular thought will cost you precisely twenty-five cents. You will report to the House Committee tomorrow."

### (Curtain)

"Preserving the pristine purity of the Pembinites," I remarked to the observant Freshman. And we continued our journey.

(To be concluded)

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and  
A Happy New Year

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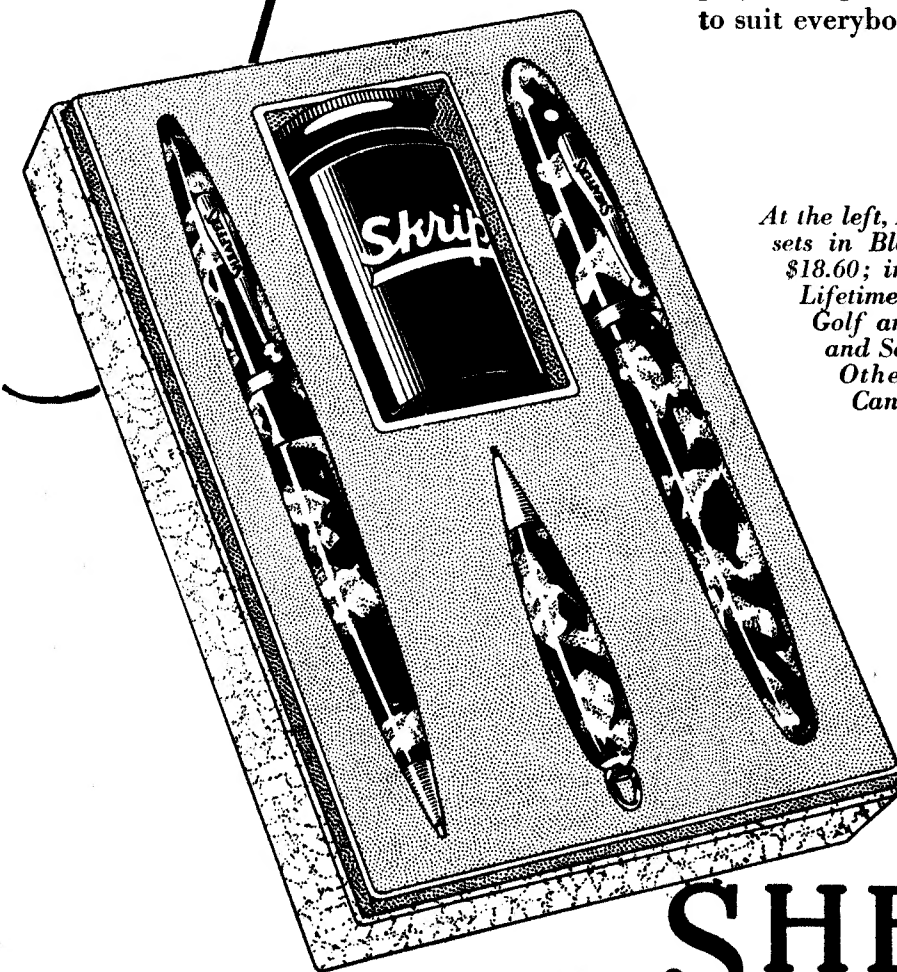
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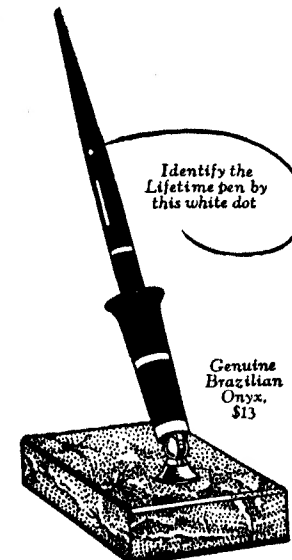
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## CHRISTMAS SHOPPING WITH HALAN AND FRADDIE

By Noel

'Twas just before Christmas, and all through the night,  
Not a creature was stirring—the whole crew was tight.

—From "St. Nickle Fritz."

I meant this to be a Yuletide sea story, but, as in the case of the ship hinted at in the excerpt above, I felt somewhat unmanned at the prospect of a land-lubber writing "wet" yarns—especially as I favor the theory behind Prohibition. (I am told there is a theory behind Volstead's brain-wave.) If you think the following is "wet" in spite of my efforts to amuse you, turn to the other stories in this paper—pronto.

Some of you remember "Halan and Fraddie," whose adventures were

described at some length in last year's Gateway issues, and at even greater length in the issues of the preceding year. If you don't remember or haven't read those sins of a checkered youth (my own, of course), perhaps you will care to go Christmas shopping with Halan and Fraddie.

"Yi yi yi yi, eef if isn't Halan alretty yat!"

"Wal wal wal, Fraddie dollink! Heh heh heh! Wot ees it you hev been doink this lunk time?"

"H-m-m, dunt esk! Wot I've bin gassing op de medametics mit pheeics mit geeuhluhy mit sickuh-luhgy."

"Eees good boy, Fraddie! Bot wot ees it you should doink now, hm?"

"Yi yi—h-m-mm. Wot I shouldn't talling you, Halan swithot. Plizz ax-cuse."

"Hull right. Eeef you tink you should gredually be geeving me de gone-by, you should gassing anodder tink coming! Adiuss!"

"Stup, Halan! Waiting a meenute! Plizz!"

"Hev don weeth you, Fraddie. I tutt you loffed dese co-ad. Mebbe Semmy Schlagenhauer weel tek me by de Tock Shup from now un!"

"Yi yi yi yi. Lat me explain! Wot I was goink I should gredually buyink

## THE ROVER

Up and down the world I go  
On ways which have no ending,  
Every road of earth I know  
Which is worth the wending.

Tach new dawn a newer way,  
Each new eve comes shading  
All the earth to mysteries  
With the far spires fading.

Up and down the world I go  
Past hamlets coarse or pretty—  
Never will I rest until  
I find the Rovers' City. —O. R. W.

you a Chreestmus prasunt yat!"

"Fraddie! Wot I'm goink to keess you alretty!"

"Dunt! Wot Wullwirth's ees too public you should keessing me!"

"H-m-mm. Wall, mebbe. Lat's see. Wot kind frum prasunt you'll gonna buy me, Fraddie?"

"Dunt esk! Hull right, I deedn't meaning it, Halan! Wot I'll gonna buy you a nackless! Heh heh heh!"

"Ooh, dollink! Yi yi yi yi yi! Mit diemunts, mit seelver mit guld?"

"Notting ees too good for diss Juhnvor's co-ad. H-m-mm. Wot's det. Wal, feeftteen coppers. Nut too moch. Wrep it opp, plizz."

"Denks, Fraddie dollink. Kipp it fur me plizz teell Chreestmus. Now I'll gonna buy YOU a prasunt. Heh heh. How moch would you like det nell file? No? Hull right, is metter frum eendeeffrence frum me. H-mm. I guass I'll buy you det knife—wot de Franch pippel call it a cutyou. Fifteen coppers. Land me a neekle, Fraddie; only a dime I got. Denks."

"Denk you, Halan swithot. How about a meek shek et de drog sturr?"

"Fraddie! Shouldn't spanding money un me so moch!"

"Of cuss, I could spand eet un de uvertown stanupgrepher—"

"Stup! Lidd me by det drog sturr!"

## The PIG'S EYE



It has been a matter of sincere regret on our part that for some weeks we have disappointed the many good men and true who wait with bated breath and curious look for the appearance of our column. What spiritual manna they derive from our highly illogical scribbles we know not, but as they press about us with quivering lips and ask us to please make an effort this week we confess that we cannot deny them. Our public! Our public!

We also regret (this is getting to be almost a day of atonement, isn't it?) that a light quip on our part about College Humor, new and used, appears to have wounded the tender sensibilities of one of our contemporaries. We had no such intention, be it known. We were not suggesting that Varsity writers are compelling to seek inspiration by such means, excellent though they may be. What we did deplore was the fact that they were not giving rein to ability, which if allowed to take its course, could produce real college humor in a form most attractive to Canadian readers.

It is our belief, and if we are wrong we will go right home and study Phil 51, providing also that the coin stays in the air, that there are at this University just as good satirists, gag men, three-a-day, or what have you, as any college on the continent, taking into due consideration location and source. The same goes for burlesque artists, actors and even the common or barroom variety of ham. It is our hope that some day we will snap out of the eminent respectability in which this place is

shrouded and really put over either a hot review or the kind of college paper which is eventually suppressed. We are not cavilling at the editors, nor are we tilting at the authorities. We are striking with bleeding knuckles at the sanctimonious spirit which sits like the Old Man of the Sea on the shoulders of all who hold office here. It is not of their choice or doing. It is a heritage, and so far they have not escaped it.

There is yet time to make the season 1929-30 a memorable one, and we trust that when the lads return after the Christmas gorging they are strengthened to go out and, as the devil said to the new arrival, "Get Hot."

—H. D. S.

## Human Nature

Anyone,  
Provided he is not too obstinate,  
Too much a fool,  
Can be pushed and pushed,  
Cheered and halloed,  
Up a hill.

But he is a good man—  
A great man—  
Who can climb by himself,  
Where paths are not,  
And win his way  
To rank among  
The giants, and the gods.

—O. R. W.

FOR TAXI PHONE 4444

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## THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS

OR

### "One Touch of Christmas Makes the Whole World?"

Persons Represented—

Miss Sophronia Sprigsley—A veteran of many Christmases.

Miss Aramita Paston—Fair, fat and forty and most grossly misunderstood.

Mrs. Ivan Buywise—She took up "Commerce," but changed her mind.

Scene—The Ladies' Rest Room in one of Edmonton's largest department stores.

Time—The lull following the 9 a.m. bargain scramble.

Miss Paston: "But, my dear! you know I never thought—"

Mrs. Buywise: "Oh! of course not—but let me tell you right here and now—\$1.19—of all things—why! you could have had that set of curling irons for 79c last August, and that's aplenty to throw away on her."

Miss Sprigsley: "Why, I saw them two for 99c last week."

Miss P. and Mrs. B.: "Where?"

Miss S.: "I just can't remember; but listen, girls—(profoundest interest is registered on all three faces)—what do you think I'm going to give to Maria?"

Mrs. B.: "Well, I wouldn't give her anything—not a thing to that—"

Mrs. S. (low whisper): "You remember that hideous salad set Mrs. Startet had the nerve to send me last year—I think she got it at Foolem's Harvest Sale—those that were on three sets for 69c that rainy morning—yes, well, don't you think it would be just the thing for Maria? She does so love her vitamins . . . in style."

(Knowing ripple of laughter from all present.)

Miss P. (to herself): "And just to think that is the very set I gave Mrs. Startet the Christmas before last. I don't suppose it's any use giving the third set to Mrs. Buywise, this year, now. (Aloud) What a wonderful choice you exercise, Miss Sprigsley! I am giving everybody bath towels and luncheon sets this year."

Mrs. B.: "Why, how thoughtful of you!"

Miss S.: "I adore those new Japanese ones—they were on at Kashettes this morning for 84c the pair—imagine it! Real Japanese towels—all the way from Japan and only 74c the pair."

Mrs. B.: "84c the pair, dear."

Miss S.: "74c the pair, Mrs. Buywise."

Miss P.: "Really! Well, I just got seven pairs at 81c the pair, and those with what the Hawkins' Perkins' and Ogradys' gave me last year—(and I'll tell you they certainly weren't worth 81c the pair)—ought to go to satisfy that Wilkins family on the street back of ours and our dear Mrs. Greene."

Mrs. B.: "Those bath towels for Mrs. Greene! Of all things!"

Miss P.: "Quite the thing, Mrs. Buywise. She never comes early-morning shopping. She finds her catalogue less of a nervous strain!" (Understanding nods exchanged with great ceremony.)

Miss S.: "There goes that Mrs. Pretipose—just come from the photographers, no doubt."

Mrs. B.: "You don't mean to say that—"

Miss S.: "Yes, we all get pictures this Christmas. That is, if her ethereal beauty left any impression on the camera."

Miss P.: "Oh! here's the back half of the morning paper—I wonder if Settler's morning specials are in this. (Picks up paper off leather divanette—hastily and nervously turns over leaves—stops suddenly—eyes begin to bulge—mouth drops open.) "Girls, listen!"

"Settlers announce 500 bottles of Wearie's Bath Salts at a distractingly low price—49c while they last—and to each purchaser of six or more bottles, one box of Highlight's Youth Rejuvenator ABSOLUTELY FREE—on sale at 10 a.m. sharp!"

(Breathless gasp from all—they collect various bundles in great haste.)

Miss P.: "Absolutely free—why, the bath towels will do for next year—I'll give bath salts this Christmas!"

—MAC ARONI.

## HIGH SHOTS and BACKFIRES

There has been something lacking about The Gateway this year right along. We knew it was so, but we just couldn't define it until the other day. And then an Ag student asked us, "Say, where's the Engineer's

Column this year?" and the awful omission dawned on us.

You'll pardon us our abrupt beginning, of course. But even the best of us need to do something between absorbing slugs of Math. and so on. (Chiefly that latter article, of course.) But the story runs of the Fifth Year man, resident of St. Joe's, who, looking out of his window on a moonlit night and seeing a brand new Second Year Engineer taking his Turkish Delight home from Macalpine's Palace of Pleasure remarked to his comrade, "That fellow's tucked for this year."

But in spite of the jokes levelled at it this Engineering idea is deadly serious. When some hundred and fifty freshmen decide to take up Engineering there must be something to it. And when some hundred of these at the close of their first year decide to take up something else it appears there is still more to it.

We don't know for sure, as yet, but since the Engineers have the contract for the Undergrad it will likely be the answer to many an Undergrad dream of free beer. But with a battery of jack-hammers and a steam shovel for an orchestra, and a dozen instrument men to keep the crowd on the level, it should go over big with the dancing public.





# SPORTS

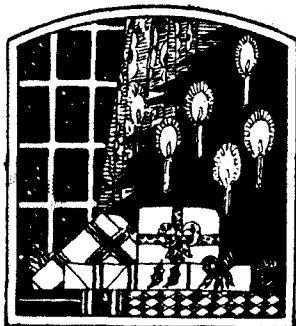


## Christmas Spirit

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MEN'S WEAR

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## Varsity Defeats Imperials In Second Overtime Period 4-3

Varsity Played Good Combination to Win—Hall, Ross, and Overand Turned in Exceptionally Good Game for Varsity

On Tuesday night the Varsity hockey squad upset all the dope by defeating the Imperials, last year's city league champions, by a score of 4-3, the game going to two overtimes.

The Green and Gold were never on the short end of the play except in the overtime periods, and in the second period at least they had quite a distinct edge.

Overand showed a distinct improvement over his last performance, as did McDonald. Leminski played his same stellar game, and the work of the forwards was backed up by the old reliables, Hall and Hills, while Ross turned in a wonderful game in the net.

Kennedy, left winger for the Imperials, was dangerous throughout the game, and in the overtime periods kept Ross continually on his toes. Carver's bullet-like shots from the blue line were always dangerous, although he did not score.

### Play Was Fast

The game started at a fast pace right from the bell, Mahar and Dame nearly putting the Imperials one up right off when Mahar worked in close to shoot and Dame took the rebound. He missed the goal. Leminski and McDonald were both right on the goal with shots. Carver and Lefty Groves combined to give Ross some trouble. The first counter came almost half-way through the period, when Pat Power's shot bounced over Ross's stick. Rollie Hills evened up a couple of minutes later when he netted a backhand shot after working down all alone.

Overand and Leminski were doing most of the shooting for Varsity, but could not work in quite close enough to make counters. Groves and Collingwood, for the Imperials, were doing a lot of shooting from just inside the blue line. Followed up a solo rush with a pass to Montgomery, who made it good with about five minutes of the period to go. The puck had hardly been faced off when Kennedy's pass to Mahar evened matters again. A pass, Groves to Carver, which found the net was called offside, and a moment later Leminski stopped a flying puck with his hand and dropped it on the ice in front of him for a nice shot which fooled Castagner, but this also was killed by the bell.

With only a couple of minutes left to play, Mahar passed to Kennedy, who shot, and Jenkins got the rebound with Ross off balance after clearing.

This left the Imperials with a one-goal lead at the end of the period, with play on the whole even.

### Varsity Has Edge

Play was still even at the start of the second period, with neither team getting any shots from close in.

Leminski's shots were going high, but otherwise he was playing a beautiful game. McDonald and Overand worked right in, only to have Castagner save. Hall and Montgomery worked in only to have Hall spilled in the goal mouth. Rollie Hills came close after a solo effort, and at about half-way through the period, Montgomery pushed one in to even goals up.

Play speeded up, and Varsity showed a distinct edge. Kennedy hit the goal post with a shot that fooled Ross. Carver to Power tipped the top of the net with Ross out of goal. Power was playing up on the forward line most of the time now, as he was better able to stand the pace than a good many of the rest of the Imperials. Hall was playing a nice game both on defence and with his rushes.

### Period Scoreless

The third period went scoreless. Both teams started the period with one man short and played safe. Collingwood came uncomfortably close after circling the goal. Mahar and Carver combined to make the Varsity team gather around the goal when they got a loose puck that Ross had not been able to clear, and a moment later he was rushed out of the goal after a shot by Kennedy. Kennedy again forced Ross to make a wonderful save after a pass from Power, the former coming out of the goal to meet Kennedy. Ralph Cooper, former Varsity player showed up a little later in this period, breaking up a few rushes. Mahar almost scored what would have been a deciding counter when Ross didn't see his shot.

### Ross Stars

The start of the overtime saw the Imperials trying hard for a win. Dame and Mahar combined to get through the defence and force Ross to save. Ross was hit in the head by the puck in this canto, when Kennedy flipped a pass from behind the Varsity goal. He was able to resume play in a moment. Hall and Hill went down together, and Hill's shot went high. Kennedy shot one that caromed off Hall and just happened to hit Ross. This was the closest either side came to a score this period.

### Imperials Fight Hard

Both teams were playing desperately in the second overtime. Ross was again called on to save when Mahar took an offside pass from

Jenkins which left nobody in front of him but Ross. The winning counter came half-way through the overtime on an offside pass, Leminski to Hall, after they had worked their way down to the net.

The Imperials threw five men down the ice in a desperate effort, and kept Varsity bottled up. Carver passed from behind the Green and Gold net to Power out in front, but Ross saved. The same pair bothered Varsity again when Ross cleared Carver's shot and Power scooped up the loose puck. The Varsity team were clustered around the goal several times to smother close-in shots.

The game ended 4-3 in favor of Varsity.

### The Lineups

Varsity—Ross, goal; Hills, Hall, defence; Leminski, Overand, McDonald, Cooper, Montgomery, Knight, forwards.

Imperials—Castagner, goal; Dame, Power, defence; Collingwood, Carver, Jenkins, Groves, Mahar, Kennedy, forwards.

### SPORTING SLANTS

The boys may have got off wrong foot first in the first game of the season, but they certainly demonstrated to the world that they were going to be in the hunt for that old hockey cup this winter, when they took the Imperials down a notch last Tuesday night in one of the best games seen in the Varsity rink since it was built. It's something new for the Imperials to be occupying the cellar position in the league, and it must have been humiliating to them to lose to the team which has occupied that position for the last several years.

That overtime goal of Al Hall's was one of the prettiest pieces of work seen in Edmonton senior hockey for a long time.

Rollie Hills wasn't far behind in the matter of effectiveness. His one goal and assist went a long way towards winning that game.

Ross turned in a real good game in goal, and but for a couple of rather lucky goals, the Imperials would never have forced the game into overtime. Keep it up, Ross, and we'll win that league in spite of what the Journal says.

Oh, we forgot to mention what a good game Overand, McDonald and Leminski played. With a little more experience the latter will make as good a forward as is played in town. Overand showed that he knew what it was all about. Watch him step in future.

Bill Montgomery also chipped in his part by scoring two well-earned goals. He's going to be a big help this year. Cooper and Knight didn't get any goals, but they gave the opposition plenty to worry about.

There was a fair crowd at the opening night of skating last Wednesday, considering the weather. A good sheet of ice was ready, and everybody seemed to be having a real good time. Don't forget there is skating at the rink Wednesday and Friday nights and Sunday afternoons.

### HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS!

If it is not on this list—come in and look around

Kodaks, Snapshot Albums, Safety Razors, Shaving Sets, Manicure Sets, Flashlights, Ash Trays, Fountain Pens, Perfume, Hair Brushes, Eversharp Pencils, Cards and Case, Handbags, Boxed Stationery, Thermos Bottles, Boxed Chocolates, Bridge Sets, Cutex Sets.

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## VARSITY SENIORS MEET SOOPS, DEC. 17

Last Game Before Holidays  
Should be Thriller

(There is a possibility that this game will be played on Monday instead of Tuesday because of tests.—Sports Editor.)

The Varsity senior hockey team is billed to meet the fast-travelling Superiors at 8:30 Tuesday, in the Varsity rink. The Varsity sextette showed the best form in years last Tuesday, when they defeated the Imperials, so we are looking for great things from them. Coach Broadfoot has some excellent material, and given this he can turn out a team that will be hard to stop.

### Many New Players

With the addition of Overand, Leminski, and McDonald to the forward line, Varsity has as good an offensive as there is in the league. Varsity is likewise fortunate in the acquisition of Rollie Hills and Allen Hall on defence. If this pair turn in as good a game as they did last Tuesday, the Superiors are going to have real difficulty in scoring. Ross in goal has been doing splendid work so far this season, and can be depended on to deliver the goods.

Taking it all in all, we would be willing to stake a lot on Varsity's chances next Tuesday.

However, none should run away with the idea that the Superiors will be easy pickings for Varsity. They have played two games this season and won both, and look like they have their eyes fixed on the city championship.

The Superiors are every bit as strong as last year, with a whole flock of flashy new players to bolster up the ranks.

### More Support Needed

Whichever team wins, we can prophesy a classy game of hockey on Tuesday night, and so let's all turn up at the rink and support our team. Last Tuesday there were only about four hundred fans present to witness a struggle which was worth dollars to see.

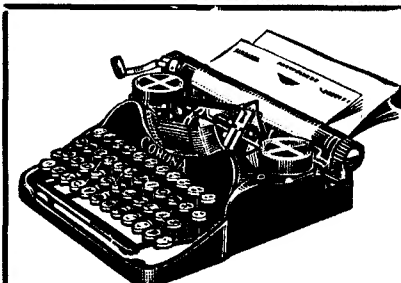
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# ADDITIONAL SPORT

## INTERMEDIATE AND INTERFAC. HOCKEY SPORTS

### Intermediate Team Has Much Promising Material—Teams Have Started Practicing

Encouraged by the splendid game dished up by the Varsity Grads on Tuesday night, the Intermediate and Interfaculty players are getting out to practices and burning up the ice in an endeavor to emulate their big brothers.

The intermediate team is already somewhat roughly chosen. Several practices have been held, and the team is shaping up nicely. The players turning out for this team are: Snelson, Clarke, Gardiner, Thompson, Dunlap, Chant, Pinkney, Herron, Lefebvre, Miquelon, Ford, Gardiner, Oatway.

Some hard competition is looked for in the intermediate league this winter, but we are pinning our hopes on the boys to bring home the bacon.

#### Interfaculty Hockey

Interfaculty hockey provides an opportunity for a fairly large number of men to participate in this kind of winter sports. Many men who wish to play a little hockey, and would otherwise have no opportunity to do so, are enabled to enjoy the game. With an interfaculty league about forty men have a chance to get on the ice. Often there are more who wish to play.

This league fulfills its function to the best degree when it permits the greatest number of players to participate. It is hoped therefore that those managing the teams will keep this purpose in mind, rather than the desire to win the league.

Every student makes a contribution to the rink; he is entitled to something in return for this—give him a chance to play hockey, should he so desire.

## INDEPENDENTS WIN FROM VARSITY GIRLS

### Independents and Varsity Now Even in League—Gradettes Lead

In the last game of the fall season the ladies' basketball team lost to the Independents by the score of 35-31.

The game was marked by extremely poor shooting on the part of the

## MEDS HEAD HOOP LEAGUE TO DATE

### Interfac. Basketball Progressing Well—Interfaculty League Has Created New Interest

In the Interfaculty Basketball League nine games have been played so far. With the exceptions of Pharmacy and Law, each faculty has played two or three games, the Meds being the only team to register 100 per cent. wins. All the faculties are well represented in the league, with the exception of Law, who find it rather difficult to scratch up a team, alleging as a reason that they cannot be in the Law library and the gymnasium at the same time.

The interfaculty games are scheduled to recommence the week after the Christmas vacation, when they will play a game each week, each team playing two games. The two teams winning the most games—in the case of draws they will play eliminating matches—will play two games; in these, the number of points scored will be the deciding factor. The league cup, with faculty shields and "a picture" in the "Green and Gold" are the awards.

University basketball has reached this year an unprecedented standard, due, we feel sure, to the inaugurating of an interfaculty league. This innovation has been received with extraordinary enthusiasm by the students, for the "esprit de corps" of each faculty is always an important element in such events, and serves to add zest to the contests. It is also a means of dividing the players into more evenly matched teams; in every way it is superior to the old method of making up the teams.

Judging by the particular enthusiasm, splendid form and efficiency of all the faculty teams, we may anticipate a series of interesting and keenly contested games, leading up to

Varsity girls, and very accurate shooting by the Independents. The play was kept at the Independents' end of the gym nearly all through; but the Green and Gold team seemed unable to put the ball through the basket regularly even from good positions. In all other respects they were far better than their opponents.

The high scorer for the evening on the Varsity team was Josie Kopta.

This game puts the Independents and Varsity on equal ground. The Gradettes now lead the city league, and Normal is at the bottom.

## HOCKEY SCHEDULE NOW ARRANGED

### Much Difficulty Experienced in Arranging Dates to Avoid Clashes

Following is the schedule for the remaining games of the City Senior Hockey League. Varsity's game with the Elks on New Year's day will probably be changed, as it is not suitable to the Varsity team.

Tues., Dec. 17: Varsity vs. Superiors.  
Friday, Dec. 20: Elks vs. Varsity.  
Wed., Dec. 26: Imperials vs. Superiors.  
Sat., Dec. 28: Elks vs. Imperials.  
Wed., Jan. 1: Elks vs. Varsity.  
Sat., Jan. 4: Imperials vs. Superiors.  
Tues., Jan. 7: Elks vs. Imperials.  
Thurs., Jan. 9: Varsity vs. Superiors.  
Sat., Jan. 11: Elks vs. Varsity.  
Tues., Jan. 14: Elks vs. Superiors.  
Sat., Jan. 18: Superiors vs. Imperials.  
Tues., Jan. 21: Superiors vs. Varsity.  
Thurs., Jan. 23: Imperials vs. Varsity.  
Sat., Jan. 25: Superiors vs. Elks.  
Tues., Jan. 28: Imperials vs. Elks.  
Sat., Feb. 1: Superiors vs. Varsity.  
Tues., Feb. 4: Imperials vs. Varsity.  
Sat., Feb. 8: Superiors vs. Elks.  
Tues., Feb. 11: Imperials vs. Varsity.

the finals. The Meds have serious opponents in the Aggies and Engineers 1 and 2. The Druggists have not had very much opportunity to show their real form to date. Arts have made a decidedly bad start, but there is still time for them to pick up and do something.

Ken McShane is handling the business end of the league, and is doing a noble work in mapping out the chart of games, and seeing that everything goes through without a hitch.

The league standing is as follows:

	P.	W.	L.
Meds .....	2	2	0
Aggs. ....	3	2	1
Applied Sci. (1) .....	3	2	1
Applied Sci. (2) .....	3	2	1
Commerce .....	2	1	1
Arts .....	3	0	3
Pharmacy .....	1	0	1
Law .....	1	0	1

#### SKATING NOTICE

The manager of the rink requests that all persons remain off the ice during half-time, in order that the caretakers may not be exposed to injury while they are cleaning the ice.

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In an interview with a group of American college students recently, George Bernard Shaw declared that Americans are a barbarous people, who are gradually returning to the ways of the red Indian.

The Russian Law Faculty and the Manchuria Research Society, both non-political organizations, have been taken over by the Chinese Nationalist government, causing some consternation in Manchuria.

A study of sixteen cities made by the University of Chicago during the past year revealed that an average of fifty-five families for each 10,000 population required charitable aid each month.

To the Students and Faculty of the University of Alberta



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## SYMPOSIUM

We regret to hear that Professor Sackville, just recently returned from the Toronto Exhibition, is ill in the hospital.

The Field Crops Conference will meet here this year during the Xmas week, and any students who are here are welcome to attend if they so desire. Members of the Faculties of the other prairie universities will be here, and it will be highly appreciated if some of the students in residence who will be out during that week would consent to allow their rooms to be used and to notify Miss Eager about it. The student will be credited with whatever charges are made to the above members for the use of the rooms.

Tea, sandwiches and cake. Just the thing to top off the usual labs, and lectures of the afternoon. That is the way the Ags did on Wednesday, Dec. 11, 4:30.

The principal speaker was Mr. Robertson, Deputy Minister of the Department of Public Works, and he held the attention of the Club by discussing the various road problems of Alberta.

**Scarcity of Road Material**  
Our soil is of such a nature that good or poor rainfall throughout the year means, respectively, good or poor crops, but the exact reverse is true about the roads. Gravel is the most satisfactory road material, and this has been shipped as far as 170 miles for road building, which makes the cost very high. Although the

## U.B.C. Professor Gives Address on Soviet Russia

Dr. A. F. B. Clark, of U.B.C. Department of Modern Languages, Gives Interesting Lecture—Travel, Government, Social Conditions Are Described

On Thursday, Dec. 5, Dr. A. F. B. Clark, of the Department of Modern Languages, University of British Columbia, addressed a large audience in Convocation Hall. His subject, "Conditions in Soviet Russia," was one of absorbing interest, and the address was much shorter than many could have wished it.

The guest speaker was introduced by Dr. Wallace, who voiced the pleasure felt by Alberta faculty members and students in making the acquaintance of one from a sister university.

Dr. Clark began his address with the expression of greetings from the University of British Columbia and agreement with Dr. Wallace's remarks on co-operation between the western universities. He then went on to describe the conditions in Russia as he observed them during a five-weeks stay in 1928.

It was difficult, he said, to form any definite opinion of Russia in so short a sojourn. There was little physical evidence of the revolution, but a revolutionary atmosphere prevailed in the minds and expressions of the people.

The facts concerning the U.S.S.R. were (and still are) little known to such close neighbors as Finland, but the outcome of the struggle between Communist and peasant is bound to have a wide influence. Travel in Russia is quite safe and comfortable. Dr. Clark covered a large territory on his trip, and experienced none of the expected thrills and discomforts. Customs officers were much more polite than our own, and the people in general were quite courteous and kindly. The average person in other European metropolises is more rude than the unspoiled Russian.

Railways and boats alike provided good accommodation. Everything might not be clean, but space was plentiful. Food was good, and seemed plentiful in the hotels. The latter were tolerable, but service was slow. Street travel was rather hard on the uninitiated in Moscow and Leningrad because of the cobble stones.

The abolition of religion has not yet been accomplished throughout Russia. Some of the churches were open; one or two had been taken over by the government to serve as art museums and the like, one even housing a chess club. Vandalism apparently destroyed few Russian art treasures. Even the worker appears interested in art, and spends spare hours in government picture galleries. No German workmen (and few other European workmen) enjoy the advantages afforded the Russian worker. For the latter there are houses and hospitals. Women may hold the same positions and receive the same wages as men in Russia.

The general Russian atmosphere is highly Socialistic, not Communistic. Wealth is not equally divided, and private trading, though dying out, is allowed. In Russia there are only about one million Communists, but they are the governmental driving force. It is difficult to become a Communist; in order to do so one must be literate, claim no religion, accept a salary not exceeding \$1,200 per year, and be at the disposal of the army.

At the conclusion of Dr. Clark's address, Dean Kerr expressed the thanks of those present.

McMurray tar sand may be good building material, the price makes its use impossible, but this problem is being given considerable attention by Dr. Scott of this University.

**Increase of Motor Vehicles and Speed**  
Gone are the days of the Red River carts that were drawn over the prairie by the oxen and floated over the rivers. Then came the day of the long-lined schooner and the 6 and 8-horse teams for which the trails were satisfactory, but the problem of bridge-building became prominent. Then the motor vehicle, increasing as it did in numbers from 41 in 1906 to 97,000 in 1929, and in speed from perhaps ten or less miles per hour to our present day acceleration. To meet this heavy demand for roads the building of graded roads and finally gravel roads became apparent.

**Cost of Roads**  
In the very early days of the auto traffic \$90 to \$125 sufficed to build a satisfactory road, that is, in the dry weather. As the automobiles became more numerous, the price of suitable roads went up, until the present price of the gravel roads for instance is \$6,000, and the price of concrete, the road of the future, is between \$40,000 and \$50,000.

**Gravel Roads**  
These are the best roads that the province can afford at the present time, and they will in the future supply a foundation to the concrete roads which will be necessary as the population becomes greater. Did you ever realize the cost of the dust that the other fellow shoots in your face as he passes you at the odd eighty miles per hour? Just \$500 per mile per year, varying directly, of course, with the speed of the car. This dust has an economic value, serving as it does, as a wearing surface to the road, i.e., if the hard road bed were subjected to the action of the tires it would soon be corrugated up. The dust is kept evenly spread over the road by motor road-scrappers.

The talk was concluded by the question, "Are we keeping the roads up with the demand?" The answer is "No." Neither is any other country. In the most thickly populated states, New York for instance, they are not. To meet the demand will be impossible for many years to come, and more so in Alberta, due to the scarcity of road building materials, the rapid increase of motor vehicles, and the sparsity of the population.

The hearty applause at the conclusion of the talk showed the appreciation of Mr. Robertson's address.

## U. OF A. PROFESSORS AWARDED DEGREES

J. A. Cook, J. E. Bowstead, Geo. Hunter Secure Degrees from Other Universities

During recent months, several members of the faculty of the University of Alberta have been made the recipients of degrees from other universities, the latter being, in two cases, United States institutions. Our sincere congratulations are offered to the following professors on their work and its reward:

Assistant Professor J. A. Cook, of the Department of Mathematics, has received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Chicago.

Associate Professor J. E. Bowstead, of the Department of Animal Husbandry, has received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Wisconsin.

Professor George Hunter, of the Department of Biochemistry, has received the degree of Doctor of Science from the University of Glasgow.

## F. GALE ELECTED FROSH PRESIDENT

Miss Jean McGill is Vice-President—Secretary-Treasurer Elected by Acclamation

The Freshman Class displayed a great deal of enthusiasm in its class elections by nominating six men for president. Such a large nomination is unique in the history of the University. There were two nominees for vice-president and six for the executive. Don Fleming was elected secretary-treasurer by acclamation.

The candidates made their campaign speeches on the Friday preceding the elections. A very small proportion of the Freshmen attended. Charlie Brown spoke first, and surprised the audience by withdrawing his nomination in favor of Fred Gale. He gave a short history of Mr. Gale, and finished by attacking two of his opponents, John Hilliker and Bert Cairns. The speeches of the candidates were for the most part able and to the point.

Fred Gale led the pole for presi-

dent by a sweeping majority, greater than the added votes of the rest of the candidates. Jean McGill secured the vice-presidency by a small majority. Wilfred Hutton, Laura Allyn and Cecil Hewson were elected to the executive.

If the present rate of population growth in the United States is maintained the nation will have a population of 187,000,000 by the year 2,000, according to a North Dakota Agricultural College bulletin. This means that the rate of increase is decreasing each year.

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## Regarding The Rainbow Room

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We extend our best wishes to all students for the coming year

## STUDENTS' COUNCIL MEETING, DEC. 9

(a) Call to Order.  
The Students' Council met in Athabasca Lounge, President Cameron in the chair.

(b) Minutes.  
Motion: That the minutes be adopted as read. Carried.

(c) New Business.

1. Motion: That the Students' Council extends its heartfelt congratulations and best wishes to Mr. Hugh Morrison, President of the Literary Association, on his appointment as Alberta Rhodes Scholar for 1930, and that the Council feels that the appointment is a popular one. Carried.

2. Motion: That the annual per capita levy of the N.F.C.U.S. be paid, the levy being at the rate of ten cents per full-time student. Carried.

3. Motion: That a committee consisting of the Presidents of the four classes, the President of Wauneitas, the Chairmen of the Mens' House Committee and of the Women's House Committee, and Miss D. Sproule be appointed to bring into the Council suggestions re regulations concerning major dances at the University. The President of the Senior class to be the Chairman, and the President of the Wauneita Society, Secretary. Committee to report on January 7th. Carried.

4. Motion: That any Council member who misses more than two consecutive meetings, is automatically suspended from the Council.

After discussion, Motion 4 was tabled until the next Council meeting. Carried.

5. Motion: That Students' Council advance the Dramatic Society the sum of \$53.50 as a guarantee which is required by the officials of the Alberta Dramatic Festival at Calgary. Carried.

6. Motion: That the Students' Council interpret subsections 1 and 2 of Section 3 of "An Act to provide for Student Discipline" to give the Disciplinary Committee power to adjudicate over both men and women in executive positions of clubs which represent both sexes. Carried.

(d) Adjournment.  
Motion: That the meeting adjourn. Carried.

AL HARDING, Secretary.  
DON CAMERON, President.

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